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JUN 20 1983

EDITORIAL

CAPITAL STRIKES AGAIN

President Reagan is "encouraged" by the Conservative victory in Britain—doubly so, as it follows hard on the Christian Democrats' triumph in West Germany. France's Socialist government, once the glaring eyesore in Reagan's rosy picture of reaction in the Western alliance, is now near the nadir of its popular support. In all, the forces appear in place for a landslide Reagan re-election next year.

Where do all the victims go at poll time—the flotsam of Britain's unemployment rolls, the castoffs of Germany's shrinking investment rate, the wretched refuse of the falling franc? Obviously, not enough of them are eager to support left platforms and liberal candidates. All over, the victims seem to be supporting their tormentors. This is the politics of pain, not of hope.

Now voters may be masochists, but they are not all fools. They must realize that their economic miseries are not acts of God but part of the plans of men. Recession, unemployment, tax-cut deficits: these are the tactics of a capital strike, forcing people to accede to the corporate masters' demands for higher profits, lower wages and stable prices.

In this round, at least, capital seems to have won. A significant segment of the struck populations believes that things can only get worse if everyone holds out. Perhaps the appeased class will now resume its investments, create new jobs and let the profits trickle down—at least to the lower middle of the lands.

Organized opposition to the strike—labor unions, liberal Democrats in America, social democrats elsewhere—is weak, late and lazy. It has not found the weapons to force capital strikers back to work under equitable rules. Until that political opposition locates its power and takes a stand, the Thatchers and Reagans will administer the inequitable rules for their friends.

THE BUCK BUCKS (CONT.)

THE OTHER 'JULIUS'
Walter and Miriam Schneir

'MISSING,' 'PRISONER' AND TRUTH
Ariel Dorfman

MAILER'S UNENCHANTING 'EVENINGS'
Gary Giddins

'EXILED IN PARADISE'
Elisabeth Young-Bruehl

GALEANO'S MAGICAL JOURNALISM
Julie Schumacher

GRAD SCHOOLS FOR DEFENSE

A DILLER, A DOLLAR, AN N.S.C. SCHOLAR

ANDREW KOPKIND

In the Spring 1983 issue of *The Washington Quarterly*, a small-circulation academic journal with a discreet conservative bent, the eminent political scientist Robert E. Ward outlines an ambitious scheme of government funding, direction and control of virtually all important research in international studies in America. It is a brazen proposal to re-establish the shameful intimacy between the theoreticians and the practitioners of foreign policy that provided the intellectual basis for the disaster of Vietnam, and that was broken at the war's end. Ward blandly—innocently—gives his reasons for resuming the sordid affair, but it is not until the very last sentence of his long article that he lets his readers in on a little secret:

"I should note," he says coyly, "that an attempt to bring about the sort of federal-academic relationship that I have described is currently in process."

Of course Ward should note it; he should have headlined it, and warned his readers that the directorate he mentions is organized and ready to go, and that we could wake one morning soon and find that the national security apparatus in the White House and in academia has taken command of international studies in the land. The scheme would radically alter the distinction between the study of foreign affairs and the conduct of it, and produce far-reaching changes in American intellectual life.

Ward also might have noted that the idea is very much his own, that he was a principal author of the formal proposal, and that he has been planning, recruiting and lobbying for it for

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EXCHANGE.

The Buck Bucks (cont.)

San Francisco

Recently, the press has run several stories about an article in *The Nation* criticizing the Buck Trust in Marin County [Peg Brickley and Fred Powledge, "The Curse of the Buck Bucks," May 14]. The *Nation* article contains a number of inaccurate and misleading statements that were repeated without qualification in many of these stories. We would like to set the record straight. We fully appreciate the difficulties of covering a topic as complex as the Buck Trust, but we feel that Brickley and Powledge have done less than a complete or fair-minded job of reporting.

We believe The San Francisco Foundation's record speaks for itself. It is one of innovative response to a philanthropic challenge, evidenced by substantial progress toward addressing the needs of all Marin residents in a responsible and balanced way. We are concerned about the damage the article has inflicted on the reputations and morale of the nonprofit agencies in Marin that are working selflessly and tirelessly in service to their community. They have not been dealt a fair hand by *The Nation*, particularly the human service agencies, whose significant impact goes completely unacknowledged and unmentioned.

We wish to point out one example:

The Marin Abused Women's Services (MAWS) is a crisis-intervention program funded by the trust, which provides services to battered women. The *Nation* article implies that the foundation confused the victims with the aggressors, saying it insisted that Marin Abused Women's Services use a $30,000 grant to counsel wife-beaters, "on the ground that counseling the culprits is more cost-effective than helping their victims." That is an extreme simplification of a complicated and tragic social problem, and a misrepresentation of the facts.

The facts are: (1) MAWS has received a total of $540,000 from the Buck Trust over three years, of which $30,000 was for the initiation of a prevention program for wife-beaters—the Men's Program. (2) The $30,000 was not awarded at the expense of, or in lieu of, support for the overall program of MAWS. (3) Counseling violent and potentially violent men is considered a significant and innovative supplementary program which addresses the complex root causes of domestic violence. (4) The prevention program has become a nationally recognized model for addressing a critical aspect of domestic violence.

In addition to the Men's Program, the foundation also supports a counseling program for children of abused women. The MAWS program is a total approach to a serious problem.

Several press accounts also quoted me as saying that I thought *The Nation*'s article is inconsequential. Allow me to clarify. The article is consequential in that it besmirches the motives and intentions of dozens of agencies that are working in good faith to enhance community life in Marin County; but it is inconsequential to the foundation because it is unfair, distorted and poorly researched, and makes absolutely no recommendations about the purported problems it raises. We at the foundation and, we suspect, the people of Marin County can make no constructive use of this article.

Finally, there is the issue of motives. Was it the intent of the authors and the sponsors of the report to analyze objectively the impact of the Buck Trust? Was there an honest effort to be balanced and fair? Knowing that Gordon B. Sherman, who is involved in a potential legal action against the foundation's administration of the trust and who is a harsh critic of the foundation, financed the report shakes our faith in the objectivity and intellectual honesty of the entire effort.

We firmly believe that the foundation's program, its standard of excellence, its exhaustive grant review process, its high level of institutional responsiveness, the caliber of its professional staff—all stand in favorable comparison with that of any other foundation in the country. The fact that The San Francisco Foundation has grown steadily and substantially in its endowments—exclusive of the Buck bequest—is indicative of the continued confidence and trust the Bay area community bestows on our efforts.

Nonetheless, we at the foundation always welcome other points of view and are open to learning about the impact of our work (in Marin as well as in the four other counties we serve) and about ways of improving it. Unfortunately, the *Nation* article gives us nothing from which to learn.

Martin A. Paley, Director
The San Francisco Foundation

Washington, D.C.

In response to the rather curious article on the Buck Trust and The San Francisco Foundation, I am compelled to point out that the foundation has a deserved reputation as one of the most responsible, venturesome and innovative of the nation's 275 community foundations. It *does* take risks in attacking social problems. It *does not* shrink from the needs of the least fortunate in society.

The charges that the authors level against the foundation's use of the Buck bequest are best addressed by the foundation and the nonprofit agencies in Marin. However, the authors make some sweeping generalizations about private philanthropy for which they offer no evidence, and I would be remiss in not pointing out the following:

§ Private grant makers have supported and often generated a rich array of cultural, educational, social and scientific advancements.

§ Foundations and other private funding sources have been critical contributors in many of the areas for which the authors express concern—low-income housing, human rights, the environment, poverty and social justice. The statement that "poverty and philanthropy don't mix" is egregiously inaccurate and just plain silly.

§ The contribution of America's private philanthropy to pluralism and social advancement is acknowledged by a diverse array of observers and even critics. It would be foolish to suggest that some error and poor management do not exist among the 22,000 independent foundations, but their record as a whole is a solid one of support for the public good.

The authors misunderstand some of the basic principles of private grant making. They declare, for example, that The San Francisco Foundation's distribution of the Buck funds has resulted in "a widespread loss of independence among community organizations." The acceptance of funds from a private source—foundation, corporation or individual—does not necessarily signify the loss of programmatic or structural independence. Responsible grant makers, including The San Francisco Foundation, take care that their grants are, in effect, contracts in which both parties respect each other's integrity and responsibilities.

The authors also speak of foundation "bureaucracy" and its demands that recipient organizations "become more businesslike." In a time of fiscal austerity, when the resources of nonprofit agencies are severely stretched, there must be an emphasis on effective and businesslike operations. I find it naïve and romantic to suggest that organizations dealing with complex human affairs and with a multiplicity of other agencies, both government and private, can get along without bookkeepers and administrative staffs.

Finally, the authors take The San Francisco Foundation to task for certain choices it has made in awarding grants. The very essence of private philanthropy is the freedom to make choices. This flexibility—often hailed as the genius of American philanthropy—and the ability to concentrate substantial funds on selected objectives account in large part for its unique capacity to have a significant impact on severe problems.

As to the authors' assertion that "the power and influence of private philanthropy have been exposed to rare public scrutiny," it is astonishing that they have overlooked the steady stream of articles and popular and scholarly books on the subject, to say nothing of the Congressional investigations, hear-

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EDITORIALS.

Rosenbergs Revisited

On this thirtieth anniversary of the Rosenbergs' execution, at least five questions continue to pollute the political atmosphere.

First, of course, is their innocence or guilt. Were they or weren't they espionage agents? Second is the crime they were accused of committing. Was there or wasn't there a "secret" of the atom bomb to steal? Third is the punishment. Did the death sentence fit the alleged crime—conspiracy to commit espionage? Fourth, as Arthur Kinoy discussed in these pages two weeks ago, what are the political uses that were and continue to be made of this case?

None of those questions can be ignored, because their answers contain the premises upon which so many historical claims have been built. Perhaps the publication this month of the revised edition of Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir's *Invitation to an Inquest*, which argues the Rosenbergs' innocence, and, later in the season, of Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton's *The Rosenberg File*, which argues their guilt, will permit comparisons that will help clarify what can and can't be known about the case.

There is a fifth question, however, and that has to do with the role of the government in prosecuting the case: Did the Rosenbergs get a fair trial? In "The Story the 'Red Spy Queen' Didn't Tell," on page 790, the Schneirs present new evidence which suggests that they did not, that the government knowingly suppressed the fact that one of its key witnesses, Elizabeth Bentley, had earlier identified a dif-

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ferent person as the "Julius" involved in espionage. Not even Judge Irving R. Kaufman knew that this exculpatory material existed, and that it had not been turned over to the defense. If the Schneirs are right, we must ask again whether such practices were the exception or the norm, and whether they are still going on.

No Finest Hour

It used to be a maxim of British politics that no government could allow unemployment to rise above a million and survive. On June 9, 42 percent of the electorate—including one third of Britain's 4 million unemployed—voted for the survival of Margaret Thatcher's Conservative government. The old maxims, along with the old middle-of-the-road policies, are dead.

It is clear now that economic disaster does not drive the electorate to the left; it drowns voters in fatalism and fear. The Tories overcame their economic weakness with a populist appeal to patriotic nostalgia and a fiery advertising campaign. In a year when manufactured exports dropped behind imports for the first time since the Industrial Revolution, the Tories taught people to believe that suffering must be endured for the sake of economic recovery (that the problem is a necessary part of the solution) and that if Britain is a mess, the best thing they can do is to put their trust in the class that owns it.

The feted Tory "landslide" does not reflect confidence in Thatcherism. In fact, the Conservatives got 3 percent less of the popular vote than in 1979. They owe their huge parliamentary majority to the crisis in the left, which split the opposition vote between Labor and the Social Democratic Party-Liberal Alliance. The S.D.P. turned out to be nothing new, really; it is only a different name for the same old political consensus that governed from 1945 to 1979, when Thatcherism—a harbinger of Reaganism—was enthroned.

The S.D.P. stands for corporatist management of welfare capitalism; it proposes funds for jobs and social services without proposing structural change. Its successful assault on Labor has inspired wild speculation about the imminent remapping of British politics along American lines. Accordingly, the press is already proclaiming the death of class politics and the Labor Party. But the Alliance is a frail and fragile creature, unlikely to build a base strong enough to win an election. And Labor is not yet ready to give up the ghost.

The Labor Party will have another chance—but maybe only one—for revival. Contrary to those who argue it must move toward the center, its success may well depend on its ability to define a clear space for democratic socialism—to the left of its recent parliamentary programs, which have betrayed its working-class base. To do that, it will have to reach skilled and white-collar workers, young people, blacks and Asians, women and the unemployed—all real or potential victims of Tory policies.

The Labor Party, which is largely run by hidebound union baronets and members of Parliament with (hitherto) safe seats, must be democratized. The disastrous election campaign proved that the old leadership cannot support the party's platform—especially its opposition to American nuclear missiles in Britain. After all, it was the last Labor government that agreed to let cruise and Trident come ashore.

Five more years of Thatcher will make those tasks both more urgent and more difficult for Labor. The government is set to pass antiunion laws that will effectively cut off much of the party's funding. It will also enact a repressive Police and Criminal Evidence Bill, which will drastically circumscribe political activity.

But the economic situation is likely to deteriorate over the term, and Thatcher may finally succeed in driving voters into a unified opposition representing their real interests. The rallying point could be the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which survived the election with more than half the population still opposed to American Euromissiles. Three days after the voting, C.N.D. staged an impressive rally at London's Wembley Stadium. It expressed the kind of energy and commitment that a winning political movement must have as it whistles in the dark days ahead.

Destro Rides Again

Last month, when the President acted to replace three of the six members of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, it was his latest attempt to stack the panel with his ideological allies. No other President, with the exception of Richard Nixon, who fired outspoken commissioner Theodore Hesburgh in 1972, has sought so blatantly to politicize the commission, which serves as a bipartisan watchdog on Federal compliance with civil rights laws.

Reagan's choices for the panel are former Brandeis University president Morris B. Abram, a one-time liberal who backed Reagan in 1980; John H. Bunzel, a research fellow at Stanford University's ultraconservative Hoover Institution; and Robert A. Destro, a professor of law at Catholic University. All three nominees say they oppose affirmative action quotas and school busing as tools for fighting racial discrimination. But the choice of the relatively unknown Destro was the clearest signal of the low regard in which this Administration holds the commission.

Destro's experience in the civil rights field is limited, to say the least. His legal skills have been exercised primarily in behalf of the right-to-life movement, and he is one of the most active antiabortion attorneys in the nation. He has participated in such landmark suits as *City of Akron v. Akron Center for Reproductive Health Inc., et al.*, in which the city's attempt to regulate abortion out of existence was struck down last week by the Supreme Court, and *Harris v. McRae*, in which the Court limited Medicaid funding of abortions. In addition to chipping away at abortion in the courts, Destro has endorsed a life protection amendment, which would grant Constitutional protection to fetuses.

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In April 1978, appearing before a House subcommittee, Destro sharply attacked the commission's 1975 report on abortion, saying the study "reads like a tract published by the National Abortion Rights Action League and contains a tone of marked animosity toward religion and the Right to Life movement in general." His testimony was influential in persuading Congress to issue a ban on the commission's involvement in the abortion question.

Like many Reagan appointees, Destro has a low regard for the agency to which he was nominated. "If it were to go out of existence today, it would not be missed," he told a Senate committee in 1978. "Its functions . . . could well be carried on by interest groups such as the NAACP, the National Organization for Women and . . . other specific interest groups." He has also criticized the commission's "tunnel-vision," charging that it pays too much attention to "governmentally approved minorities" and ignores discrimination against "Poles, Hungarians, Italians, Catholics, Mormons, Amish and other Caucasian ethnic and religious minorities." The commission should be asking why "people of Polish or Italian ancestry find it almost as difficult to become officers and directors of the largest corporations . . . [in Chicago and Detroit] as do Blacks and Latinos," he told a House committee in 1978.

Such sentiments struck a sympathetic chord in the Administration, which has twice nominated him to the commission. (Last year, the Senate sent his name back to the White House after representatives of the N.A.A.C.P., the League of United Latin American Citizens and other minority groups testified against him.)

Much of the criticism has centered on his service as general counsel for the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights, a nonprofit, tax-exempt organization, which has its headquarters in Milwaukee. The group was founded in 1973 by the Rev. Virgil Blum, a veteran fighter for government aid to parochial schools, following the Supreme Court's decision in *Roe v. Wade* striking down state abortion statutes. According to Orlan Love, a league spokesperson, it has fifteen chapters across the country and 27,000 members, who pay $15 in annual dues.

A review of the league's activities and publications shows that its overriding concerns are abortion and tuition tax credits, not civil rights. Althea Simmons, director of the Washington, D.C., bureau of the N.A.A.C.P., notes that "not one of the Milwaukee civil rights organizations which we communicated with recalls league support for any local civil rights activity."

The league frequently attacks pro-choice groups and their liberal supporters as anti-Catholic, and it promotes a divisive, sectarian view of civil rights. Father Blum has urged Catholics to "band together in defense of their values" in the face of opposition from "the liberal intellectual-professional elite, the Eastern press establishment, the American Jewish Congress, the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Jewish Committee, Planned Parenthood, the National Association [*sic*] for Women and other powerful interest groups." According to Love, Blum's remarks pertained only to the positions of those groups on "certain issues" dealing with "religious freedom," including abortion and tuition tax credits. "I don't think it is divisive for Catholics to band together. Are we supposed to just shut up?" he said.

Many Catholics say the league doesn't represent them. Daniel Maguire, a theology professor at Marquette University, calls the group the "Catholic Moral Majority." *Church & State*, the publication of an organization that seeks to preserve the separation of church and state, has observed, "At the very moment when Protestants, Catholics and Jews are cooperating at every level . . . it is surprising that an organization should use its anti-defamation function as a cover for the achievement of institutional political goals."

The league is not hesitant about criticizing religious and ethnic groups that it regards as anti-Catholic. For example, in its January 1983 newsletter is a survey asking readers to select the "media item" that contains "the most offensive material to Catholics." The list of five "items" includes the Jewish *Press* and the Jewish *Advocate*. Love explained that the two papers were mentioned because of the "insensitivity to Catholics" shown in articles they published about Pope John Paul II's meeting with Yasir Arafat and the church's inaction during the Holocaust. The league defends Pope Pius XII against charges that the Vatican was blind to the Nazi persecution of Jews, and contends that Holocaust study programs ignore Christian victims of the Nazis. And it criticizes prominent blacks like Jesse Jackson and Carl Rowan and groups such as the National Urban League and the N.A.A.C.P. because of their opposition to tuition tax credits.

The league is currently engaged in a campaign to ban Christopher Durang's play *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You*, a satire of 1950s Catholicism, and has put pressure on the Missouri and New York State Legislatures to limit state funding for the organizations that have produced the play in St. Louis and New York City.

Such activities have made the group popular with the White House. League representatives were invited to meet President Reagan on May 13, on the occasion of its tenth anniversary.

Destro served five years as the league's general counsel, resigning in March 1982. In a recent interview, he defended his association with the group: "I had nothing to do with planning policy. I just handled legal affairs."

Destro's connection to the Catholic League and his lack of experience in civil rights matters should provoke strong opposition when his name comes up for confirmation. His nomination to the commission, along with those of two other white males who are expected to be sympathetic to the Administration's views on civil rights, underscores Ronald Reagan's contempt for the panel, which has performed effectively for the last twenty-five years. It may also show his disdain for those it serves.

JOHN S. FRIEDMAN AND ERIC NADLER

John S. Friedman is a writer based in Washington, D.C. Eric Nadler is a journalist based in New York City.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

The Senate holds no more doughty a supporter of free enterprise than Jesse Helms of North Carolina. How incongruous, then, that the Trade Subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee should have announced hearings into his activities as a self-interested price-fixer. The subcommittee chairman, Sam Gibbons of Florida, is concerned about a pending decision of the United States Customs Service involving a possible increase of duties on imported tobacco. "The subcommittee," he said on June 1, "wants to examine allegations regarding improper political influence in this case in order to make certain that the Customs Service has properly carried out its statutory responsibilities."

The "allegations" of interference come not so much from his enemies as from Jesse Helms himself. On March 2 of last year, he wrote to Treasury Secretary Donald Regan urging him to help double the tariff on imported tobacco used as a "filler" ingredient by American cigarette companies and colloquially known as "scrap." At issue is whether two-inch squares of machine-threshed tobacco should be classified as manufactured (at 17.5 cents per pound) or as stemmed leaf (at 32 cents per pound). A petition to overturn the current policy was turned down by the Customs Service in 1980. It (the petition) is low on technical merit but high in obvious interest to North Carolina's tobacco growers. Helms's letter reads as follows:

> Dear Don:
>
> It is going to be very harmful to me and other Republicans in North Carolina if there is not some movement on the "scrap tobacco" issue which I have been discussing with the Administration since *before* the President took office.
>
> The President agreed to help; Bill Brock agreed to help. And you and I discussed the matter last year when my vote was needed on the debt ceiling.
>
> *But nothing has been done.*
>
> George Dunlop, staff director of the Senate Agriculture Committee, has been talking with your Bill Dereuter about my meeting with you and the Customs Commissioner. I know you are busy, but I would reiterate that this is of paramount importance to me and the GOP in North Carolina.
>
> I won't take your time now with the details of the issue, but, Mr. Secretary, it needs to be resolved without further delay.
>
> Will you help me? Sincerely,
>
> Jesse

Four weeks later, Helms wrote again urging Regan to see it his way, ending his letter not with a plea for the struggling tobacco farmers of his home state but with the italicized sentence, "Again, Don, *I need your help in this matter!*" Regan's replies (the correspondence was recently released under a Freedom of Information Act petition filed by Washington lawyer David Busby, who represents the importers) betray a genial emollience but, from Helms's point of view, insufficient urgency. By August 9, Helms's tone had grown more shrill and plaintive:

> Dear Don:
>
> I appreciate your assurance when we talked on the telephone the other day that you would proceed immediately on the "scrap tobacco" matter. My adversaries in North Carolina have seized on the issue of my vote on the tax bill. They are running full page newspaper advertisements, holding press conferences, etc.
>
> If the "scrap tobacco" issue is not resolved quickly, the momentum will have been established to take me out of the Senate in 1984.
>
> So, if I am to be helped, *it must be done now.*

In case Regan should miss the point, Helms ended his letter with "*I need your help*, Don."

It becomes almost embarrassingly obvious that Senator Helms believes not in free competition and free enterprise but in crass protectionism and political influence-peddling. His crude reminder to Regan about the debt ceiling, when he voted against his proclaimed thrifty principles in order to push the ceiling beyond $1 trillion, is proof of that. So is his mention of the tax increase vote, which doubled the Federal impost on cigarettes and created consternation in North Carolina. Helms's last letter to Regan (above) was sent the very day after the Democrats published full-page lampoons of his tax position in the North Carolina press, labeling him and Senator John East "the tobacco tax twins." Having on one occasion betrayed the interests of his home state to do a favor for the President, Helms now seeks to make up ground by lobbying for a measure that is opposed by almost all tobacco companies, and which brings the danger of retaliation from other tobacco-growing countries, but is popular with some of his local growers. Having rediscovered his populism overnight, Helms naturally resorted to the none-too-subtle use of the "reminder."

According to well-informed toilers in the rumor mill, it would appear that the Customs Service has decided to reverse its previous decision and grant Helms his tariff increase. The Treasury Department has jurisdiction over the Customs Service, but in the past decisions like this have followed a nonpartisan and autonomous tradition. Helms's attempt to politicize the Customs Service is a new departure, which is why the hearings have been called. Political pressure in the opposite direction has also been felt on the Hill—perhaps because Richard Miller, Congressional liaison officer for the Customs Service, is a former employee of Senator East and owes his appointment to the patronage of East and Helms.

A decision is not far off. Whichever way it goes, it will expose Helms as an extremely base and inept Senator. It hasn't been a good year for him. All of the North Carolina candidates endorsed by his "Congressional Club" were defeated last fall. He isolated himself by his idiotic filibuster on the gas tax. And eyebrows were raised when the Federal Election Commission reported last month that of all PACs, the Congressional Club spent by far the least proportion of its taking (less than 2 percent). Governor James Hunt, his Democratic opponent next year, should watch the Gibbons hearings very carefully. They could help him crush out Jesse like a stale cigar.

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CALVIN TRILLIN

I read in *The New York Times* recently that Edward C. Schmults is not crazy. A citizen's simply enjoying the state of sanity is not usually considered news—ordinarily, I suppose, you'd have to take out an ad to nose that sort of thing around—but Schmults happens to be Deputy Attorney General of the United States, and, I realized as I was reading the *Times* piece on him, it's becoming common for the press to consider the sanity of a Reagan Administration official newsworthy. An assistant secretary of state who has doubts about whether the United States was created by God to win the world for Jesus through nuclear weaponry and doesn't subscribe without qualification to the international monetary theories of Adolphe Menjou can find himself discussed in the morning paper. I've seen newspaper reports of James Baker's sanity now and then. They're couched in indirect terms, of course; the headline does not say "White House Aide Thought Sane." The story on Schmults took the same approach. The headline said "Justice Aide Makes Mark as Mediator," but it was obvious that the discerning reader was meant to interpret that as "Top Justice Aide Widely Considered Not Loony."

You'd think that by now the stories on Baker's sanity would be presented in the form of what newspapers sometimes call an update—"No Change in Baker's Mental Condition," maybe, or "Reagan Aide Still Thought Sane"—but that's not the way they're handled. In the first place, it is customary to discuss the mental state of people in the White House with euphemisms. A couple of years ago, for instance, around the time Ronald Reagan greeted his Secretary of Housing and Urban Development at a reception for mayors by saying "Hello, Mr. Mayor, how are things in your city?" *Newsweek* began to speak of the possibility that Reagan might be a bit "disengaged"—a usage I compared at the time to saying "She's really more than a disengaged blonde" or "It was just disengaged luck." In the story about Schmults, his style is contrasted with Attorney General William French Smith's "shy manner and cautious pronouncements." That's a more complicated euphemism than "disengaged." It may mean "lightweight"; on the other hand, it may mean "backward lightweight."

In Baker's case, the euphemism is "pragmatic." Whenever you read that someone in the Reagan Administration is pragmatic, what you're really being told is that he is not crazy. Reporters have their ways of gauging such things. Let's say, for instance, that a new wizard of supply-side economics is received at the White House to demonstrate his theory that poverty can be eliminated simply by eliminating all tax on capital gains—a theory he illustrates with an impressive array of graphs, even though his performance is marred a bit by his tendency to twitch uncontrollably at times and by the fact that he is costumed as the French dauphin—and, at the end of the presentation, James Baker says, "Are you sure it will work?" Pragmatism.

Why is it necessary to use a euphemism for an admirable quality such as sanity? Simple: among the purest Reagan supporters, sanity is not assumed to be an admirable quality. It's not as bad as poverty, but it's not great. That's why the congressmen interviewed for the story I saw in *The Times* expressed concern that they might damage Schmults's reputation in the Administration by saying that they consider him a sensible and straightforward man. I wouldn't be surprised, in fact, if some of the President's purest supporters believe that reporters are protecting sanity suspects like Schmults by using euphemisms and that such protection is just one more confirmation that the media is controlled by a cabal of left-wingers. But that's crazy, you say? My point precisely.

Reporters are human beings, though, and they presumably give some consideration to the human consequences when they start turning up evidence that a previously untainted member of the Administration may be flat-out rational. Even in the heat of the chase—a pair of those relentless post-Watergate snoops on the trail of some assistant secretary of state—it must be apparent what effect an exposé could have on the quarry's career and on his family. ("Joey's dad's a pragmatist—nah, nah, nah.")

I see the two snoops huddled in the city room. The hard-nosed Woodbern has a look of triumph on his face (except for his nose, which stays hard whatever his expression). "We've got him nailed," he says. "I found out that he was on the board of a hospital that didn't turn down Federal aid for its emergency room."

"I guess we should go with it," says Wardstein, the more sensitive of the two, but he looks troubled. He knows what can happen to an Administration official who finds himself under suspicion of sanity. "Are you sure we don't have anything on the other side?" he asks his partner. "Doesn't he even believe in the existence of the Illuminati conspiracy? Isn't it possible that he's a follower of Ayn Rand or Billy James Hargis? Is it really balanced reporting to say he's balanced?"

"Are you getting soft, Wardstein?" Woodbern says, looming forward in a way that makes him seem to be brandishing his adamantine sniffer.

"O.K., let's go with it," Wardstein finally says, but as the presses roll his thoughts dwell on the assistant secretary's fate. He can see the man quietly emptying his desk at State while his loyal secretary sniffles in the outer office. "He's the last person I would have suspected," she says to the security man who waits quietly at the door. "Why only last week he said that the way to control arms is to build a space death-ray, and when those nice men came to lecture us on how the Russians caused the mud slides in Utah with ultrasonics, he nodded very politely."

Wardstein knows the story will serve the ends of the people he thinks of as the crazies. In stories, of course, he uses a euphemism for the crazies—"those purists who believe Ronald Reagan must be allowed to be himself." And what is that? Disengaged.

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ARTICLES.

THE OTHER 'JULIUS'

The Story the 'Red Spy Queen' Didn't Tell

WALTER SCHNEIR AND MIRIAM SCHNEIR

On March 21, 1951, Elizabeth T. Bentley, then widely known as the "Red Spy Queen," dropped an evidential bombshell at the Rosenberg-Sobell espionage trial, where she was appearing as the prosecution's last major witness. Bentley did not claim she had ever met the accused, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Morton Sobell. But the clear import of her surprising testimony was that in 1942, in an incident separate from the charges in the case, she had seen Julius Rosenberg actually pass information to a Soviet agent.

Now, thirty years after the executions of the Rosenbergs, startling exculpatory information has come to light about Bentley's story. Had that information been made available to the defense lawyers before the death sentences were carried out, it seems a near certainty that they could have won a reversal of the convictions. But those on the prosecution side who were aware of the truth knowingly allowed it to be flouted in the courtroom—and kept their secret afterward.

In the course of the "atom spy" trial, the government introduced copious evidence concerning the politics of the defendants. For this inflammatory material to be admissible, Judge Irving R. Kaufman ruled, the prosecution had to establish "some connection between communism and the offense charged"; in other words, that the motive for the crime—conspiracy to commit espionage—was political. As an "expert" on communism and a self-confessed spy courier, Bentley supplied that necessary connection.

In addition, she related to the jury a brief but damning episode. In 1942 she had observed Jacob Golos, her lover and the man she claimed was her espionage superior, meet with and receive material from a "contact," an engineer who lived in Knickerbocker Village, a large New York City housing development. The contact had subsequently telephoned her five or six times and "always started his conversation by saying, 'This is Julius.'" It was left to the jury to decide if "Julius" was Julius Rosenberg.

Rosenberg was, indeed, an engineer who in 1942 lived in Knickerbocker Village. And three earlier prosecution witnesses, David and Ruth Greenglass and Harry Gold, testified that they had used Rosenberg's first name as a spy password. David Greenglass and Max Elitcher, another prosecution witness, both gave testimony suggesting a link between Julius Rosenberg and Elizabeth Bentley. In the minds of the jurors, therefore, Bentley's "Julius" story may well have administered the *coup de grâce* to the defendants.

At the time Bentley gave this damaging testimony, however, the prosecution was aware of some highly pertinent, if seemingly incredible facts: Several years before the trial, Bentley had tentatively identified another Julius (known as Jules) as the man she had seen meeting with Golos. And this other Julius was an architect-engineer who also lived in Knickerbocker Village in 1942. Even more significant, the government knew that Bentley's complete story of this episode, as she originally related it to the F.B.I. in 1945, contained details that proved that her "Julius" could not have been Julius Rosenberg.

We uncovered this suppressed information among some 200,000 pages of F.B.I. documents that we studied for the three new chapters in our updated edition of *Invitation to an Inquest.* Those documents were released under the Freedom of Information Act as a result of a protracted legal battle begun eight years ago and still being waged by attorney Marshall Perlin on behalf of the Rosenbergs' sons, Michael and Robert Meeropol.

Elizabeth Bentley, a New England-born Vassar graduate, joined the Communist Party in 1935. A few years later she met Jacob Golos, an active supporter of the Soviet Union who was well known in C.P. circles. Golos ran World Tourists, a New York City travel agency which promoted Soviet tourism. In 1941 he set up a corporate affiliate, U.S. Service and Shipping, to ship parcels to the Soviet Union. The company was financed sub rosa by the Communist Party as a business venture. Like World Tourists, the new firm operated under contract with Intourist in Moscow. Bentley was named vice president of U.S. Service and Shipping.

Golos died in 1943, and two years later, on November 7, 1945, Bentley went to the New York City office of the F.B.I. with a story that would leave its mark on postwar American history. Golos, she said, had been not only her business associate and lover but also her espionage boss. She claimed to have been a courier to a large espionage ring of Federal employees and eventually named more than 100 spy suspects, both within government and without.

The spy ring Bentley told about was allegedly still functioning. She agreed to provide further information, and she continued to work at U.S. Service and Shipping, but the F.B.I. never obtained any direct or documentary corroboration of the espionage she had described. A Federal grand jury, which considered all the evidence in 1947, failed to vote a single indictment. Bentley then went public with her accusations and became a media celebrity, a paid lecturer and a star witness before the Committee on Un-American Activities and other Congressional committees, leaving in her wake a trail of wrecked careers and lives.

Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir are the authors of Invitation to an Inquest, *a study of the Rosenberg-Sobell case reissued this month by Pantheon in an updated and expanded edition.*

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Though the files on Bentley that the F.B.I. released are heavily censored and by no means complete, they do make it possible for the first time to trace in considerable detail the permutations of one of the scores of stories she told. That story, about which Bentley testified at the Rosenberg-Sobell trial, had its genesis on November 12, 1945, a few days after she was first interviewed at the Bureau's New York City field office. A teletype dated that same day informed the Bureau's headquarters in Washington:

> She also stated that in 1942 or 1943 a group of engineers who were gathering submarine data had organized a company in Norfolk, Va. for this purpose. During this period one of this group when in New York would telephone Miss Bentley at her home in order to contact Golos. Bentley has no further identifying data concerning this group of engineers.

During the next three weeks, Bentley was interrogated frequently, and on November 30, 1945, she signed a 107-page statement. The final page contained an expanded version of her reference to the engineers in Norfolk.

> Another group of whose existence I became aware sometime in the early summer of 1942 was comprised of several engineers who, when I first learned of them, were located in New York City. I recall that on one occasion while I was driving through the lower East side of the City of New York with Golos to keep a dinner engagement, he stopped the car and told me he had to meet someone. I remained in the car and saw Golos meet an individual on the street corner. I managed to get only a fleeting glimpse of this individual and recall that he was tall, thin, and wore horn rimmed eyeglasses. Golos told me that this person was one of a group of engineers and that he had given this person my residence telephone number so that he should be able to reach Golos whenever he desired. He did not elaborate on the activities of this person and his associates nor did he ever identify any of them except that this one man to whom he gave my telephone number was referred to as "Julius." However, I do not believe this was his true name. I received two or three telephone calls from Julius telling me he wanted to see Golos and relayed the messages to Golos. Sometime later, probably in 1943, Julius and the others in the group proceeded to Norfolk, Virginia, where they secured employment of some kind, and I recall that on one occasion Golos traveled to Norfolk to see them. Approximately six months prior to the death of Golos, he told me that he was turning over Julius and that group to some other Russian whom he did not identify. My last contact with Julius came shortly before the death of Golos, after the latter had turned the group over to someone else. On this occasion Julius telephoned me very early in the morning and said he wanted to see Golos. Golos told me later that the reason Julius had desired to see him was that he had lost his Russian contact and wanted to enlist Golos' aid in getting reestablished. I have no further knowledge of the identity nor of the activities of this group, except that, so far as I know or have reason to believe, Golos was not receiving mail from them at any time either while they were in New York or after they moved to Norfolk. During a conversation I had with Jack, however, some time in the fall of 1944, when he and I were discussing desirable types of information to be sought, he remarked that, though he was interested primarily in political data, he was always glad to receive information, for instance, "like that group of engineers down in Norfolk might secure—if they should learn something about a submarine, I would be glad to get it."

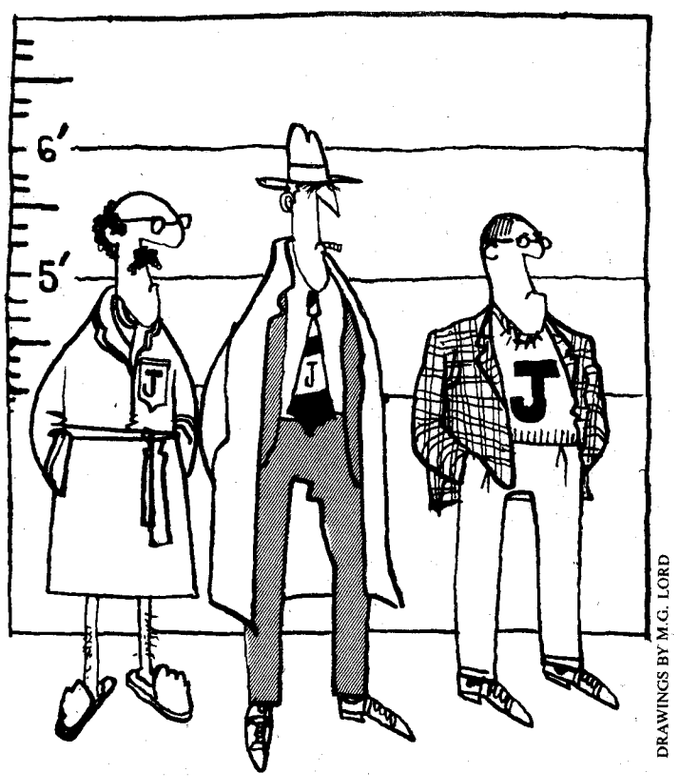
Norfolk is clearly an intrinsic part of this story. But Julius Rosenberg never moved there or worked there, nor was he ever employed on submarine or other naval projects. Morton Sobell also never lived or worked in Norfolk; he never even visited the city on any job assignment. And none of the other men the F.B.I. identified in the files as part of a Rosenberg spy ring ever worked in Norfolk. In short, there was no Norfolk connection.

Other than Norfolk, the main identifying clue in Bentley's November 30 statement is the rudimentary physical description: "tall, thin, and wore horn rimmed eyeglasses." Julius Rosenberg was tall and thin, but anyone who has seen photographs of him—including one taken in 1942—knows that none show him wearing horn-rimmed glasses.

Notably absent from Bentley's story was the crucial detail in her later trial testimony: the passage of information from "Julius" to Golos. Also absent was any reference to Knickerbocker Village.

In our study of F.B.I. files on people the Bureau considered its political enemies, we found the pages littered with abortive frame-ups—fabricated building blocks of "cases" that were never brought to trial. The possibility exists that before Bentley told the second and expanded version of her Norfolk story, F.B.I. agents may have subtly coached her because they already had a suspect in mind. That suspect was a man named Jules Korchien. In any event, about three months after Bentley signed the statement, the F.B.I. mentioned the name Jules Korchien to her. She said she had no knowledge of him.

Jules Korchien was certainly high on the F.B.I.'s extensive political hate list at the time. The Bureau's files described



DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

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him as "a key figure in the Communist Party in New York City," who had been the subject of an internal security investigation since 1941. More important, Korchien was the international vice president of the C.I.O. Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians (F.A.E.C.T.). This left-wing union, which was attempting to organize technical workers throughout the United States, was anathema to the F.B.I. The Bureau's attitude toward the F.A.E.C.T. may be inferred from the fact that an investigation of the union then in progress was indexed under the F.B.I. file prefix "65": espionage.

In August 1946, whether by chance or design, Bentley met Jules Korchien. According to an F.B.I. memorandum dated September 13, the proprietor of World Tourists introduced Bentley to Korchien, who was the architect in charge of remodeling the travel agency's building. The memorandum states:

> It is desired to note that [Bentley] made the observation that Korchien bore a resemblance to the engineer whom she knew as "Julius" and whose activities and associates, so far as she knew them, are set out in . . . her signed statement dated November 30, 1945. . . . [Bentley] was questioned carefully concerning this possible identification but reiterated that her observation of "Julius" in 1942 was casual and that she could not state definitely Korchien was identical with him. She declared, however, that if it could be established that Korchien is or was a naval architect or engineer and lived in Knickerbocker Village, New York City, during 1942 or 1943, she felt he might well be "Julius."

In fact, the biographical details mentioned in this memo "could be established." Documents in the F.B.I. files indicate that Jules Korchien was "an architect and civil engineer"; that he worked in 1942 and 1943 for a New York City construction company "which operated on naval contracts" and also for the Navy's Bureau of Yards and Ships; and that he lived in Knickerbocker Village during the requisite period. The September memorandum, incidentally, contained the first reference to Knickerbocker Village in the story.

F.B.I. documents also show that Korchien fit the physical description in Bentley's November 30, 1945, statement: "tall, thin, and wore horn rimmed eyeglasses." Korchien is described in the Bureau's files as follows: "height: 5'10"-6'"; "weight: 170 lbs."; "build: slender." One document notes that he "wears glasses with light tortoise shell rims."

Thereafter, the matter of Jules Korchien as Bentley's "Julius" was considered at a higher level within the Bureau. In December 1946, the special agent in charge of the Washington, D.C., field office prepared a report on Korchien for F.B.I. Director Hoover and sent a copy to the Norfolk field office. The report summarized Bentley's November 30 statement on "Julius" and the Norfolk group, as well as her later tentative identification of Jules Korchien. Though parts of that report were censored before it was released under the F.O.I.A., it is clear that agents in Norfolk were instructed to conduct an investigation of the Bentley story.

Six months later, the Bureau's New York City field office sent Hoover and the head of the Washington, D.C., field office an "urgent" teletype on Korchien. The message indicated that although Korchien met Bentley's other criteria for "Julius," "no information was received that Korchien ever was employed in Norfolk, Va."

Nonetheless, the Bureau decided to interview Korchien. He said he had never known Golos "and emphatically denied that he had ever contacted any individual in a clandestine manner to furnish information regarding the United States Government or any business deals in which he might have been involved."

But the F.B.I. hardly lost interest in Jules Korchien. By early 1950, the Bureau had a new role in mind for him. It sent his picture to confessed British spy Klaus Fuchs in the hopes that he would identify Korchien as his American courier. Fuchs did not do so.

In the summer of 1950 the F.B.I. resurrected Bentley's "Julius" story and hand-tailored it to fit a new wearer: Julius Rosenberg. The first available indication of what the Bureau was up to is found in a statement given to the F.B.I. on July 17 by David Greenglass, Rosenberg's brother-in-law. Much of Greenglass's statement bears unmistakable signs of having been made to order for his F.B.I. interrogators, who appear to have used him as a mouthpiece to voice suspicions for which they had no proof. For example, one line in the statement reads: "He [Rosenberg] also told me that he is known to Elizabeth Bentley and Jacob Golos."

An August 11, 1950, message from the F.B.I.'s New York City office to its headquarters in Washington states that Bentley had been interviewed several times about Julius Rosenberg. The results of these and subsequent interviews appear in an F.B.I. summary report dated September 8, 1950. Although the report notes that Bentley was "unable to positively identify" Rosenberg from a photograph or after viewing him in person, the Bureau by that time would seem to have decided that Julius Rosenberg was the man. Thus, a section of the summary report is titled "Statements of Elizabeth Bentley Concerning Julius Rosenberg." In fact, the report consists of paraphrases rather than Bentley's actual words; there is no statement on Julius Rosenberg signed by Bentley in the released files.

Bentley's "statements" constitute an entirely new version of her November 30, 1945, story. Everything that did not tie the story to Julius Rosenberg was omitted. Even the reference to "horn rimmed" glasses was deftly changed to "glasses." "Julius" was now unambiguously the person's actual name.

But what about Norfolk—the heart of the original Bentley statement—and the fact that Julius Rosenberg had never worked there? The Bureau's solution was clear-cut. Every mention of Norfolk was simply omitted. Bentley's account had begun with references to submarines and Norfolk, and other details about a naval architect or engineer had been added later. Now all this inconvenient material was neatly excised.

Without the Norfolk connection, however, Bentley's story was innocent of wrongdoing. The remedy for that was to create a new incident. Bentley, the F.B.I. reported, now

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recalled that she had seen "Julius" and Golos meet twice, not once as she had been asserting for five years. And on one of those occasions, she stated, Golos had returned to the car with an envelope in hand.

Bentley's new version presented a legal problem as to its admissibility as evidence, since much of it was hearsay. So the Bureau called on one of its "cooperative" witnesses, Max Elitcher, a former City College classmate of Rosenberg's and Sobell's, who faced prosecution for falsely denying Communist Party membership on a loyalty oath. Elitcher amended a statement he had given the Bureau by adding an extremely late postscript: Sobell had told him that Rosenberg said he once talked to Elizabeth Bentley on the phone. This provided the missing link in the evidential chain connecting Bentley with the defendant.

Initially, Bentley's newly created incident about the passage of information was vague and uncertain. In the words of the F.B.I. summary report, Bentley said that "Golos returned to the car carrying an envelope which he apparently received from this unknown individual." The files do not disclose what occurred next, but when Bentley took her seat in the witness chair at the Rosenberg-Sobell trial, her uncertainty was gone, and her account considerably stronger. She capped her story with the addition of still one more detail: Golos himself had specifically mentioned to her that he was going to obtain material from his contact.

Asked by U.S. Attorney Irving Saypol if she had once accompanied Golos "to the vicinity of Knickerbocker Village," Bentley recalled such an occasion in 1942, and testified:

> Mr. Golos said that he had to stop by to pick up some material from a contact, an engineer. . . . Mr. Golos parked the car; left me in it; went across the street to wait on the corner for his contact to appear; paced up and down a bit. Then the contact finally arrived. Then they went three or four doors down to, I think, a candy store to carry on their business. Then Mr. Golos returned to the car with an envelope of material which he had received from the contact.

Bentley also testified that, following this incident, she had received five or six telephone calls between the fall of 1942 and late 1943 from a man who "always started his conversation by saying 'This is Julius.'" She said she had learned that "Julius" lived in Knickerbocker Village.

In his summation, Saypol told the jury:

> Rosenberg's Communist espionage superior in the early 1940s was Jacob Golos. . . . During the time prior to Golos's death . . . Rosenberg became known to Elizabeth Bentley. . . . We know of Golos's clandestine meeting, in which he received information from Julius, the engineer who lived in Knickerbocker Village.

Judge Kaufman stated that it was "for the jury to infer" whether or not the "Julius" in Bentley's testimony was "the defendant Julius Rosenberg." But how could the jurors make a rational inference when the government had concealed highly relevant information? The jurors did not know that there was a man who fit Bentley's description better than Julius Rosenberg. Nor were they aware that the lack of a Norfolk connection excluded Julius Rosenberg as a possibility for Bentley's "Julius."

Judge Kaufman has been shown by the F.B.I. files to have demonstrated an intense and continuing interest in the Rosenberg-Sobell case and to have engaged in numerous ex parte communications about it. Of course, the truth about Bentley's "Julius" testimony was hidden from Kaufman during the trial. But now that it has been made known, it will be interesting to hear what he has to say about it.

All the files relating to the Rosenberg-Sobell case, without exception, should be released. It is worth noting that the most revealing Bentley material we found was in files initially withheld by the government and only made public after years of litigation. A specially appointed judicial body or a Congres-

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sional committee with subpoena power should be given the task of examining the case in open proceedings. Thirty years later it remains a festering sore that will not go away. □

'MISSING' AND 'PRISONER'

Fictionalizing The Truth in Latin America

ARIEL DORFMAN

The horrors of the past are comfortable.
There is nothing we can do about them except remember.

On May 5, a group of mothers whose children are missing came from Guatemala, from Chile, from El Salvador, from Argentina, to Washington. The idea was simple: if these women could not be with their offspring because they had been kidnapped, because their governments have refused to acknowledge that they had been kidnapped, at least they would not be alone on Mother's Day. In the presence of Representatives Pat Schroeder and Barbara Mikulski, one mother after another stood up to tell her story.

Few Americans heard about this extraordinary, perturbing, emotional meeting. Colman McCarthy of *The Washington Post*, acting on his own, wrote a column, but the major media, which had devoted hours and hours, pages and pages, to the survivors of the Holocaust just a few weeks before, ignored it (the same major media that had virtually ignored the Holocaust when it was happening, forty years ago). They did not send one reporter, one camera, one crew. I know. For two weeks I lived on the phone, asking people, begging them, to come, to cover the story.

They did not come. They were not interested.

Forty years ago, Hitler conjured up the technique of making people disappear. He ordered French *résistants* to be deported to the *Nacht und Nebel* of Germany, to be executed. There was a twisted, demoniac logic to such repression: the *résistants*' unmarked graves could not be used as rallying points or memorials. And their friends and relatives were condemned to uncertainty about the fate of the ones they loved. Now, decades later, Latin Americans are refining this technique of demoralization. The armies that are committing these crimes are not foreign, though they treat their own people like a conquered populace. They speak the same language and laugh at the same jokes.

How can this horror be communicated to Americans?

In the last year and a half there have been two films that enabled U.S. audiences to experience vicariously the drama of the missing persons in Latin America. Both are based on true stories. One, *Missing*, tells the story of Ed Horman, an American businessman who went to Chile in 1973, soon after the coup that ousted Salvador Allende, to search for his disappeared son, Charles. He did what all relatives of missing people do. He went to hospitals, questioned witnesses, badgered the authorities. Finally he wound up where so many of them wind up: at the morgue. The other film is *Jacobo Timerman: Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, which was made for television and shown in prime time. It concerns the disappearance, torture and survival of Timerman, editor and publisher of Argentina's most influential daily newspaper.

Both pictures work because they infuse the characters with an aura of familiarity. At the most superficial level, we feel that it is not Ed Horman sweating it out but our own Jack Lemmon. Nor is it some foreign journalist being prodded with electricity till the TV screen wants to faint; it is Roy Scheider, the star of *Jaws*. Their dilemmas have also been made recognizable to Americans. The stories may be set in faraway Chile or Argentina, but there is nothing remote about what is happening to the characters.

In *Missing*, the central figure is someone with whom most Americans can identify. The father, who lost contact with his son long ago, now must face the fact that he is dead. The film touches people in the United States most directly when it deals with the generation gap that the Vietnam War created, and with the pain of closing that gap. *Prisoner* also gives Americans a character with whom they have become well acquainted through endless media exposure. He is an amalgam of two stock figures: the Jew as victim and the heroic journalist who is punished because of his fight for the truth. And there is a confrontation between a rugged individualist and corrupt authorities to warm viewers' hearts.

The screenwriters of the Timerman film went out of their way to Americanize the Argentine protagonist. Suppose this man was your husband, went the NBC promotions. And the audience has no difficulty going along with that supposition. His family life, his accent, his professional habits, his snappy answers, his children who raid the refrigerator and need their report cards signed, all have an American ring. Everything exotic about the real Timerman has been weeded out. Indeed, the true aliens, the real foreigners in the picture are the military and the secret police. They are portrayed as stereotypical Nazis, gangsters and Latino bandits. It is easy for Americans to see what happened to Timerman in terms of the ultimate suburban nightmare, in which the average American family is under siege. Half the film is devoted to the trauma of being locked in your own bedroom while men with guns plunder your kitchen, steal your wardrobe to give to whores, take your pillows and censor your mail.

This over-Americanization is rather distasteful, at least to

Ariel Dorfman is an exiled Chilean writer. His most recent books are Widows *and* The Empire's Old Clothes, *both from Pantheon. An expanded version of this article will appear in* Beacons of Light: The Institute for Policy Studies, 1963-1983. *The collection, edited by John Friedman, will be published by Grove Press in October.*

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me. The sitcom-like situations weaken the film and make it less compelling than Timerman's book, on which it is based. At the same time, I am not one to argue against esthetic methods that allow millions who would otherwise remain ignorant to become familiar with the human rights abuses suffered by people in many Third World countries. It is an extraordinary and amazing event when American TV screens show scenes of unremitting terror and brutality committed by governments that the Reagan Administration not only embraces but would like to wed and bed.

But both films do more than convey information about dictatorships. They allow Americans to travel with the central figures on the road leading from innocence to knowledge. In the beginning, both protagonists have high standards of living and the typical prejudices of their class. They feel relatively comfortable with the system—as do many viewers. And they believe themselves to be invulnerable, or at least protected by society. Viewers share their shock at the degradation and violence that suddenly strike them, and learn with them the painful lessons of their experiences.

Scheider/Timerman learns that unless you are prepared to surrender yourself to it totally, you cannot applaud a military takeover without eventually becoming one of its victims. He comprehends that nobody is beyond the reach of governments that are beyond the democratic control of the people. And he learns that his commitment to humane ideals is strong enough to sustain him during his imprisonment, when he had no name and no number.

Lemmon/Horman also changes—from a staid, conservative businessman who believes in the American way of life to a man who accuses his country of having engineered or at least tolerated the murder of his son. The screenwriters (Costa-Gavras and Donald Stewart, who won an Academy Award for their script) exaggerated the hostility and harshness that the real Ed Horman felt toward his son's idealism. In the book by Thomas Hauser on which the movie is based, Horman says that while he did not completely approve of his son's trip to Chile, he "understood and was able to accept what they were doing." The generational conflict is played up in the film. "He must have been doing something, to get into all this trouble," Horman says. Later he remarks, "If he had stayed where he belonged, this wouldn't have happened."

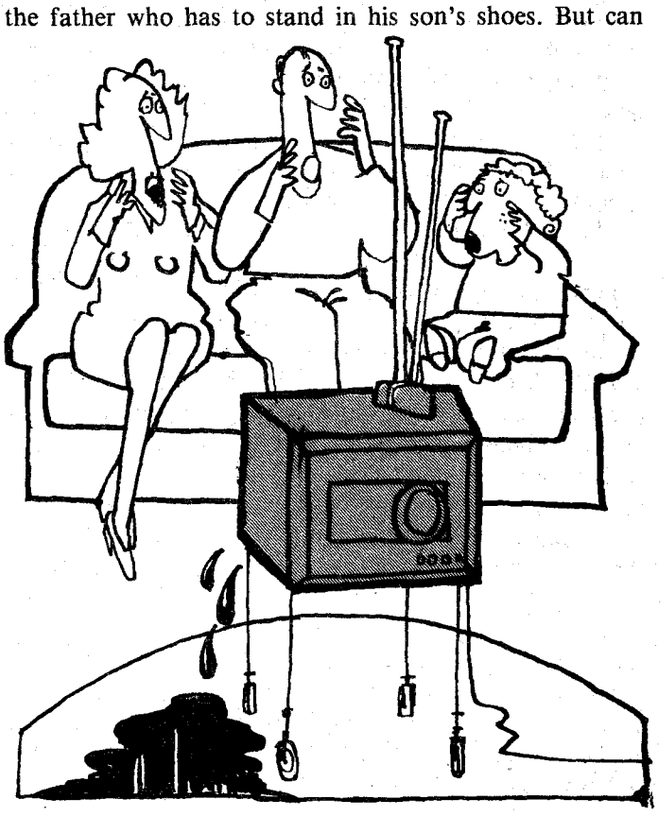
Charles was killed because he rebelled against his father's values, but paradoxically that punishment transforms Ed Horman. To recover his boy he must understand the younger generation's point of view, and he must also *uncover* his country. He eventually comprehends that the military men who executed his son were defending American business interests, and he reacts to that knowledge by killing his former self—and his ideals about his country. "What is the matter with this world?" he demands, once he realizes that unarmed civilians are being exterminated. "You sound just like Charles," his daughter-in-law answers.

In order for Timerman and Horman to find themselves, they must lose their countries. Timerman must explore the depths of evil in his adopted land: not only the anti-Semitism but the antihumanity as well. He must strip off his illusions, painfully, layer by layer, until he understands that he is a foreigner in the land to which he and his parents immigrated. His departure is only the last step in a distancing that began with the first kick in the genitals.

Horman also loses his country. It is his tragedy that the two things in his life that represent the future, his son and his country, are sworn enemies. History has dictated that he cannot keep either one of them. At the end of the film, official America shakes the hand of the dictator, and his son lies dead.

Audiences are moved by witnessing these men make that characteristically American mythic journey, the journey from innocence to experience. But if they have made that trip, it is because others made it before them. Jacobo Timerman was jailed because he asked questions about the *desaparecidos* and published their names in his newspaper. He became a victim because he refused to remain silent about other victims. And Ed Horman's son preceded him on that trip. He and so many others went to places like Chile to give themselves to a cause, breaking with the ruling values of their country, with what that country stood for in the eyes of the poor abroad. They were driven by another American vision; they were continuing the march, not westward but inward, toward a different frontier, an ethical one. They believed America should export democracy and equality rather than weapons. Charles Horman was killed—like American layworkers and nuns in Central America—by soldiers trained by the United States, armed with U.S. guns, in a country kept afloat by U.S. loans or aid.

American audiences can identify with Jacobo Timerman, the successful man made a victim, and with Ed Horman, the father who has to stand in his son's shoes. But can



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they understand what motivated them, what transformed them? Can they comprehend that their tragedies happened because of vaster, more unrelenting tragedies all around them?

Those tragedies are only hinted at in the films. There is something missing from these films about the missing: the people of Latin America.

At one point in *Missing*, Ed Horman visits the infamous Estadio Nacional, the open-air stadium where thousands of prisoners were herded together to await interrogation and torture. A prisoner, whom he confuses for "one glorious moment" with Charles, speaks an extremely significant line. He shouts at Horman: "My father cannot come to get me at the stadium." Then he turns to Colonel Espinoza, who is in charge of the stadium, and sarcastically asks if the prisoners might have ice cream with their supper.

The scene is touching but implausible. No prisoner in his right (or even wrong) mind would dare lift his voice in mockery against an ordinary soldier, let alone the commander of a concentration camp. One month after the coup, we Chileans had already learned how to bow our heads and mutter yes; we had learned to communicate by insinuations, allusions and jokes, and to avoid looking anyone straight in the eye.

Even if that scene is factually incorrect, its thrust is clear. It presents another point of view, that of those who are in danger but have no privileged immunity. Having pronounced that shocking truth, the prisoner vanishes from the film.

What about him? What about the son whose father could not go to the stadium to search for him?

What about the eye peering out of the peephole of the cell across from Timerman's, the eye that blinks at him urgently and keeps him company, like a lover's lamp in the night? What about the body to which that eye belongs, which we do not see? What about the millions of other bodies we never see?

On October 7, 1973, three days after the real-life Ed Horman arrived in Chile, a group of *Carabineros*, the Chilean police, paid a visit to Isla de Maipo, a small agricultural community some twenty miles west of Santiago. There they arrested Sergio Maureira Lillo, a 47-year-old peasant. They also took his four eldest sons: Sergio Miguel, 29; José Manuel, 25; Segundo Armando, 24; and Rodolfo Antonio, 22. The other family members never saw them again.

While Ed Horman was getting the runaround at the American Embassy and being driven by a chauffeur from one dismal place to another, the Maureiras were going from police station to police station. They would spend the next five years just as Ed Horman spent his month in Chile, just as Risha Timerman spent the days of her months, asking for news of her husband. In November 1978, thirteen bodies were discovered in an abandoned mine in Lonquén. Among them were those of the five Maureiras.

The assassins were pardoned under a "general" amnesty, which excluded from retribution those who had tortured, while leaving in jail or in exile those who had been tortured.

One year later, about the time Jacobo Timerman was released from house arrest and boarded the plane that took him to safety in Israel, the Maureiras were finally given permission to bury their dead. A few days afterward, however, that permission was revoked, and the corpses were thrown into an unmarked grave. Since there was no tomb to visit, the Maureiras made what they called a "pilgrimage" every Sunday to the mine where the bodies had been discovered.

One day, the owner of the mine had his workers blow it up with dynamite, as though he believed that a disappearance must continue after death. It must be shown that these people had never existed, that they had never fed others with their work or looked into the eyes of their loved ones. They must be denied a history.

What about them? They are missing because they lived in places that are themselves missing—missing from conceptualization, missing from vision, almost missing from humanity.

The Maureiras made the mistake of being born in a miserable, insignificant country. They compounded their mistake by wanting to live with dignity. They were missing before the police came for them. They did not appear on prime-time TV.

The Maureiras are absent not only from television and movies. They are also absent from speeches and policy. I have attended countless meetings and seminars in Washington. Over and over, I hear the same statistics and abstractions. Rarely is there a glimpse of the people behind all the maneuvering and speculation. When they do appear, when they do rebel, when they do answer back and make their own judgments, when they defeat an army or ambush a policy, then the politicians and the spies and the analysts and most of the professors seem genuinely amazed. Where did they come from, these people who are not part of the scenario?

Americans can identify with Ed Horman and Jacobo Timerman. But can they go further? Can the compassion they have for Ed Horman be transferred to his rebellious son, and from there—and this is the decisively difficult step—to those who died with him, those anonymous people whom, in a sense, he died for? Can they see Timerman not from the eye of the camera but from the swollen, lost eye across from his cell?

Each person who saw *Missing*, who saw *Prisoner*, was given a message, a message about his own responsibility in the tragedy of the invisible and unnamed Maureiras. He can discard the message without reading it or he can pass it on. He can become a messenger.

It can be risky. Messengers in ancient times who bore bad tidings were sometimes put to death.

But that did not happen only in ancient times. Both Jacobo Timerman and Charles Horman learned some dangerous news. And rather than run the risk of silence, they decided to run another sort of risk and tell the world what they had discovered. □

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N.S.C. Scholar

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

several years. His latest draft, dated March 16, runs sixteen pages, and was presented for approval to a select and sympathetic coterie of government officials, elite professors, intelligence operatives and military brass—the very types who would run the future directorate—at a conference held on April 28 in the Indian Treaty Room of the Old Executive Office Building in Washington.

Ward chaired that meeting with Richard S. Beal, a young Reaganaut from Brigham Young University who serves as the Administration's point man on the project, which the President is said to support. As they outlined it, the plan would have the President give the National Security Council, his in-house ministry of foreign affairs, some $15 million or $20 million (the figure is negotiable) to fund the major research projects in international studies. In this time of budget cutbacks and inflation-shrunk endowments, such sums would give the government effective control of the field.

The N.S.C. would oversee a deceptively complex structure of government and academic panels which would set the national agenda of subjects and perspectives in international studies; the apparatus would coerce scholars to "consult" with the intelligence and military services and it would make the results of researchers' work available to "interested federal agencies." Finally, it would undermine independent research in foreign affairs, which alone can produce alternative analyses and policies to the dominant ideology of imperial management.

It is not that the hundred-odd centers for area studies and international affairs on college campuses have been bastions of free thinking and radical scholarship. David Horowitz showed in a landmark study two decades ago that all the research centers save one or two had been set up by the great private foundations (Ford, Carnegie and Rockefeller) with money pumped out of America's overseas empire—and were controlled by the pumpers, their heirs, their bankers, their lawyers and their academic mandarins in the court of corporate wealth.

The studies conducted in such centers (e.g., Harvard's Center for International Affairs, Berkeley's Institute of International Affairs and M.I.T.'s Center for International Studies) were always deeply informed by the nature and structure of control, but it was not until the beginning of the Vietnam era that the system was analyzed, exposed and challenged. The centers served as think tanks for counter-insurgency, counterrevolution and "nation building"—a code word for models of development that might be foisted on Third World countries to keep them securely within the American camp.

But the epic failure of American efforts in Vietnam discredited the think tanks and their thinking, encouraged younger scholars to pursue independent research and greatly diminished the capacity of government planners and their academic advisers to set the agendas they desired. Most of all, it precipitated a crisis of theory and practice in imperial operations which persists to this day. Now, as more American failures abroad impend, comes the Ward plan to mobilize scholarship in the service of foreign policy. The empire is striking back.

Proponents of the program have pursued a cautious strategy of semisecrecy during the planning period. The sparse information that has appeared has been directed at grant-hungry professors and sympathetic officials in positions of power. But some unexpected hitches have developed, and already there is one important defector from the proposed directorate. Yale's A. Bartlett Giammati refused to be one of five college presidents on the founding board, and he declined to send a representative to the April 28 Washington conference. Now, Princeton's president, William Bowen, is said also to be skeptical of the idea.

The directorate would have two "dimensions." The academic dimension, concerned with the research centers, the scholars and the grant applications, would be under a National Council on International Research and Manpower, one of those mysterious nonprofit government "corporations" that float around Washington. The National Council would have three sections: a Council of Presidents, made up of the chief executives of nineteen major research universities;* a Board of Trustees, composed of "distinguished scholars with extensive professional experience in the fields of area or international studies"; and an Advisory Group of representatives of various professional organizations and associations.

The governmental dimension, which would serve the particular needs of the Pentagon, the C.I.A., the State Department and other Federal agencies interested in foreign affairs, would be administered by a Federal Council on International Research and Manpower. This body would be established by executive order and abetted by undefined "appropriate Congressional action," and it would be controlled by the National Security Council. Its members would be drawn from foreign policy-oriented Federal agencies and from Congressional committees, with heavy military and intelligence participation.

The two councils would meet regularly to set agendas and determine lines of research. Each side would have the power to veto the proposals of the other—hardly a balance of power, since the Federal Council has all the cash, which is the ultimate veto.

The details that are causing the most trouble at this juncture are the commanding role of the N.S.C.; the government's veto; a provision for circulating "executive summaries" of all research to snoopy Federal agencies and for bringing scholars into "consultation" with interested Federal officials; and the arrangement whereby the politically sensitive academic Board of Trustees would negotiate contracts directly with universities, enforcing adherence to the agenda and all its provisos by individual grant recipients.

Andrew Kopkind is an associate editor of The Nation.

* California (Berkeley and Los Angeles), Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, Georgetown, Harvard, Illinois, Indiana, M.I.T., Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Stanford, Texas, Washington, Wisconsin (Madison) and Yale.

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What might this system mean to an eager scholar? Take the hypothetical case of a Harvard graduate student who is interested in Central American affairs. He would see the National Council as the logical—perhaps the inevitable—source of funds for his doctoral research. Since the money flows ultimately from the N.S.C., he would craftily focus on a fashionable topic and tailor his proposal to win acceptance. "Political Leadership and Party Infrastructure in the Resolution of Social Conflict in El Salvador" might be a promising title for his grant application, one that is likely to sit well with the trustees—high-ranking professors who have made their careers by setting the terms for the management of America's foreign relations. Indeed, one of the trustees in all probability would be Harvard's own Prof. Samuel P. Huntington, a co-worker with Robert Ward on the current proposal, the director of Harvard's Center for International Affairs, a co-author of the recent book *Living with Nuclear Weapons* [see Kopkind, "Living With the Bomb at Harvard," *The Nation*, June 4], an architect of the pacification program in Vietnam and a veritable fanatic on the subject of leadership and political order as an antidote to insurgency and radical change in the Third World.

Our hypothetical student easily gets his share of the millions the White House has allocated to the program that year, and traipses off to El Salvador, where he is warmly embraced by whatever junta happens to be in power in *el capital* and avoided like the plague by whatever guerrillas are camped in *la sierra*. After a decent interval, he prepares an "executive summary" of his findings, which goes to curious intelligence gatherers in Washington. Later, with his doctoral thesis complete and waiting for approval, he is invited to consult "voluntarily" with the man from Langley, Virginia. The young scholar may be troubled by the invitation; after all, from his researches he now knows enough about the Salvadoran opposition to keep the C.I.A. working for years to come. But his academic adviser—Huntington, perhaps—reminds him that a juicy position in Latin American studies at Berkeley is open to a promising young Ph.D. Harvard, after all, has the last word.

That is a bad-case scenario, though perhaps not the worst. It's one thing for a humble graduate student to be tracked into "policy-relevant research," as the Ward proposal puts it, but quite another for an independent-minded professor to take the bit between his teeth. Although the top people at most of the centers favor the plan, many academics have raised questions in the weeks since the April meeting.

Prof. Ralph Nicholas attended the session as the University of Chicago's representative. Ward had "nominated" another Chicagoan, Susanne Rudolph, for the conference. Among her claims on his favors was her leadership of the University of Chicago committee that, in 1979, gave the first Pick Award for promoting international peace and understanding to Robert McNamara, who ran the war in Vietnam under Lyndon Johnson and later directed the free world's economic order as head of the World Bank. But the university's president, Hanna Holborn Gray, said that "Ward can't nominate a University of Chicago representative for *anything*," according to Nicholas, and he went in Rudolph's place. "My official capacity was as deputy provost of the university," he explained, "and politically I wouldn't want to be a strident opponent. But unofficially, as a professor of anthropology, I'm seeing red."

Nicholas is a specialist in Indian and Bengali studies. "Most of the world would be off-limits to scholars who are funded [by the N.S.C.]," he said. "The consequences in Latin America, in Africa, the Middle East, in Southeast Asia would be very bad. India would be one of the worst. All it has to do is come out in the newspapers. Indira Gandhi will start talking about 'outside influences' operating in Indian affairs. It would be most damaging among the people anthropologists have to deal with."

Tainted funding and suspicious sources might be expected to be minor concerns to the authors of the proposal. Their stated model for the program is the National Council on Soviet and Eastern European Research, an outfit housed at Harvard and, from its inception in 1978, funded by the C.I.A., the State Department and the Pentagon. One of its first trustees was the great cold warrior Richard Pipes, who later served on Reagan's N.S.C. ("He's the kind of person who could be making all the decisions for our research if this thing happens," a dissident professor said.)

The Russians have never complained about the motives or activities of scholars funded by the Soviet and Eastern European council, presumably because they believe that all American professors who reach a certain level of power and prestige must be in the service of capitalist government. No surprise there. But the idea of independent scholarship still has a certain romantic value in other parts of the world.

Some academics also see a problem with the proposal's definition of policy-oriented research. "The authors clearly didn't mean research into what we do when they blow up our embassy in Riyadh," one Ivy League participant in the Washington conference said. "But they might mean research about what we do, specifically, in Saudi Arabia in the next four or five years."

Then there is the vagueness of the term "manpower," the second half of the titles of the proposed councils. Ward and other academic bureaucrats like to point to the paucity of foreign-language and area-studies specialists produced by American universities, compared with the numbers turned out by economic competitors (like Japan) and political enemies (like Russia). When Afghanistan blew up in 1979, no one could be found in the U.S. Embassy in Kabul who spoke the local language. As crises shake Central America, only a handful of Americans have a thorough background in the region's history, politics and culture.

But "manpower" has a disturbingly military ring, and some speakers at the April conference wondered whether the organizers of the program saw it as a means to turn out columns of cadre who would march off to distant lands "to protect and advance the national interests of the United States in the international community," as Ward wrote. Such a mission would be a far cry from training students for scholarly work.

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Those doubts and questions have put a temporary snag in Ward's plans to rush the program into operation. "It's in a state of flux right now," Ward told me in a recent telephone interview. Early last month, he and Richard Beal began visiting doubtful professors on key campuses, with a view to redrafting the particulary troublesome provisions of the program before classes resume in the fall.

They must be getting an earful. Yale's Giammati and Princeton's Bowen have circulated letters to their colleagues denouncing the proposal in terms insiders describe as "colorful" and "eloquent." Hardly anyone will speak for the record, but several scholars I talked to characterized their reactions with words like "appalled" and "furious." The strongest language came from the director of one of the centers in line to get hard cash from the program. Speaking of his fellow scholars who are sympathetic to the proposal, the professor fumed, "They're just a bunch of whores. Really, I still can't believe this thing has gotten this fucking far."

Intact, revised or postponed, the idea of reviving the special relationship between government policy and academic research seems inevitable. The decline of American command and control throughout the world during the past fifteen years is seen by some radicals as a failure of policy, as the predictable consequence of imperial behavior that values ruling classes over aggrieved peoples, investment over reform, stability over change, dependence over national liberation. Viewed that way, the failure is in the very definition of "the national interest," and in a skewed analysis of the mechanisms of history.

But both the political and the academic proponents of the National Council—and they range widely over the liberal-to-conservative spectrum—have a very different perspective.

"What the media call 'intelligence failures' are usually 'research failures,' " Ward wrote in his *Washington Quarterly* article. "The federal agency or the private business involved was unable to make effective use of knowledge that, if available and applied, would probably have affected the outcome.

"One does not have to reach far back in postwar history to find persuasive examples of research failures," he continued. "There was, for example, a persistent failure to analyze or appreciate the precariousness of the shah's rule in Iran in circumstances where the society was experiencing simultaneously the stresses of rapid modernization and a fundamentalist religious revival. Many would argue that the entire record of our recent relations with Central America and the Caribbean Basin testifies in part to a prolonged research failure of a similar sort."

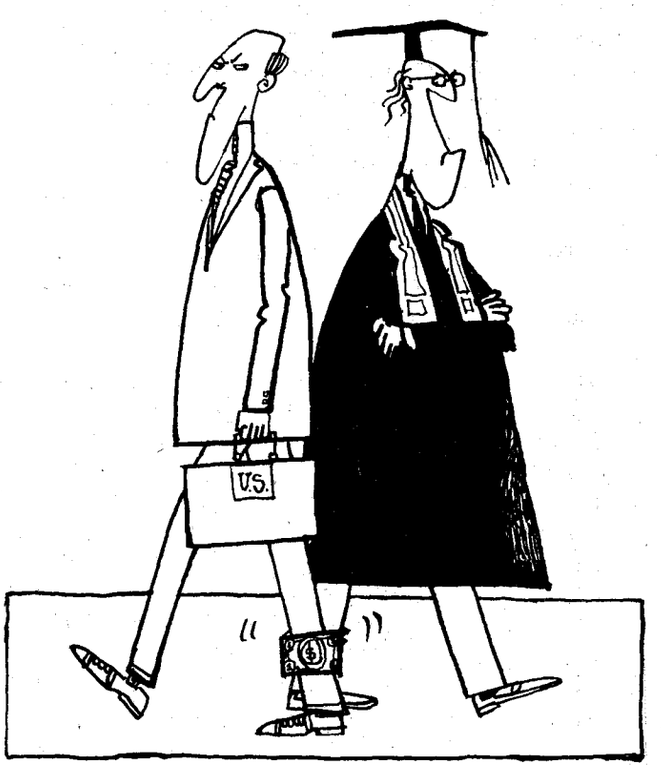
Many others—few of whom are in positions of authority—might argue that all the research in the world would not have solved America's problem in Iran, because America *was* the problem in Iran. Or that the only worthwhile research about Central America and the Caribbean Basin would show the stupidity and brutal inefficacy of American-backed counterrevolution. But almost ten years after the last helicopter buzzed off the roof of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon, many of the people whose efforts helped produce that disaster are yearning for another academic fix.

Ward is practically a paradigm of the academic insider from the Vietnam era. A former president of the influential American Political Science Association, he was at the University of Michigan in 1967 when he signed the memorable "report of 14 eminent scholars and specialists on Asian affairs," urging full speed ahead in Vietnam lest an American defeat lead to a wider war.

Several of the other signatories are now either directors of the international studies centers at universities represented on the proposed National Council, or so high in the poli-sci stratosphere that they are likely candidates for positions as trustees or advisers, like Robert Scalapino at the University of California at Berkeley and Lucian Pye at M.I.T. (the latter memorialized in a ditty chanted by antiwar protesters in Cambridge: "We won't die for Pool and Pye!" Ithiel de Sola Pool was another defense intellectual at the same school).

Most of them are liberals, neoliberals or neoconservatives: that is, they started out, at least, as moderate modernists, believing in the perfectibility (or the improvability) of society through social and political action. Most of them have a history of service to Democratic administrations. They are not right-wing fanatics, and when they must ask the right wing for grants and positions, they do so with appropriate condescension and even contempt.

They are the aging mandarins of policy-oriented research, the second-level priesthood of the cult of imperial sorcery. What defines them functionally is their relationship to the high priests of policy making. Scalapino, Pye and Huntington move in and out of Washington, advising governments, foundations, corporations and academic associations, for prestige and profit. They are rich and/or famous—not tastelessly so, but enough to give them a sense



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of how closely their personal interests are tied to the national ones. And since they help define the latter, the former fall naturally into place.

The relationships to power that such people enjoy were established in the 1950s, chiefly under the auspices of the Ford Foundation, which funded the first eleven top centers for international research and gave hundreds of millions to area studies. Ward handed out Ford grants in those years.

Because of the funding system and the tight network of directors drawn from the corporate world and from Washington officialdom, the centers became unaccountable, beyond faculty control. Research agendas and perspectives of study were set by an invisible government of global managers. The few independent institutes—such as the Hispanic Institute at Stanford—were literally destroyed because they did not follow the dominant ideology and submit to orders.

International studies generally followed the progression of the cold war. Early centers were established in Russian affairs; then came Chinese, Southeast Asian, Middle Eastern, Latin American and African studies. The historical context was postwar decolonization, which had produced a problematic "Third World." International studies was enlisted—better, conceived—to provide an intellectual response to that process, to fight the cold war by devising a nonrevolutionary model for modernization and development that would allow emerging countries to revolve profitably in the American orbit.

This was the "nation building" tried in the Philippines, in Indochina, in Iran. Blueprints were provided by liberals: the assassination of the dictator Rafael Trujillo in the Dominican Republic and the installation of a social democratic government linked to American labor unions and the C.I.A. And by conservatives: the overthrow of the reformist Arbenz government in Guatemala.

The government slid into the research end of the nation-building business in the late 1940s with the RAND Corporation—initially an Air Force research and development subsidiary and later an exclusive Defense Department contractor for policy-relevant research. (It was thus that the Pentagon papers came to be compiled and written.) In the early 1960s, the Army decided it needed complete control of research in order to direct it to a specific objective: fighting revolutions. It came up with Project Camelot, an elaborate counterrevolutionary studies program to "make it possible to predict and influence politically significant aspects of social change in the developing nations." (There was a projected parallel study, called Project Revolt, to study unrest in Quebec.) The whole scheme was a disaster from the start. Scholars were pressured to come up with "reformist" ideas, but they always feared the military directors of the project would put the research to authoritarian use. Latin American scholars raised the stiffest opposition, and there was hostility from Chile. At last, there was so much heat surrounding Camelot that Defense Secretary McNamara canceled it.

Camelot was generally seen to have prostituted the hapless social scientists involved and permanently tainted the government's efforts to subsidize foreign policy research. But during the Vietnam era, the government was still heavily invested in academic pursuits. Then, when the policy of those years went bankrupt, the investment prospects for the future dimmed considerably.

Last fall, a Ford Foundation official told a meeting of the Social Science Research Council—the conduit for foundation money to area studies—that the United States had failed for twenty-five years to find a progressive, non-Marxist pattern of development in the Third World. Vietnam was a terrible blow, and Iran confirmed the failure, as the sound of the second shoe dropping shows that the first one was not an aberration.

"There was some feeling in the C.I.A. in the early spring that there was a chance of reopening the friendly relations with American scholars that had gone sour during the Vietnam War," Chicago's Ralph Nicholas told me. "Then the situation in Central America began to sour it once again. They hadn't been able to become *persona grata* with the scholars."

The need for new policies to stem the receding tide of American power is matched by the need for new cadre to formulate them. This is the "manpower" issue in its simplest form. The mandarins of the 1950s and 1960s have been unable to "clone" themselves, according to Rose Lee Hayden, a member of the working group that drew up the National Council proposal under Ward and Beal. The "successor generation" that was supposed to follow Ward, Pye, Scalapino and the rest was alienated from the system by what they learned in the antiwar era. Of course the priesthood did attract a certain kind of acolyte: the conformist, unimaginative, unquestioning kind who does not produce interesting research or useful analysis. As a generation it has been a bust, and a better batch must be whipped up before the old boys retire.

It is critically important for the policy-oriented academicians seeking successors to liquidate the legacy of the Vietnam War. It ruined everything for them, not least of all their self-identities as the successful entrepreneurs of policy and the beneficiaries of power. The lessons of Vietnam that must be unlearned are that ideological battles are relevant in American politics, that a careful ideological analysis of history is irrefutable (even by top professors, secretaries of state or chiefs of staff) and that only the left has the ideological tools to understand what's happening in the world.

Harry McPherson and Richard Holbrooke, who worked in the Johnson and Carter Administrations, respectively, made the most eloquent case for national liberation from post-Vietnam academic *angst* in a recent article in *The New York Times Magazine*. "The nation's interests cannot be served by a series of flirtations with ideologically based foreign policies that do not represent the views of most Americans and that leave other governments baffled. There is a pressing need for a return to a foreign policy based on enduring national interests and values and rooted in the realities of international life."

That sounds like the mandate for the National Council. The problem is how to put it into practice.

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Dazzled by dollars in a slack season for funds, faculties in some international studies centers around the country can be expected to leap into line at the new National Council. It looks to be one of the few funding sources on a large scale in the next decade. President Reagan has already decided to ask for no money at all this year for language and area studies under Title VI of the old National Defense Education Act, which was supposed to close the language gap that yawned after Sputnik in 1958. Even in a good year, Title VI gave universities only about $10 million. If the National Council's grants equal or surpass that amount, the whole international studies market could be cornered.

But what would all that money buy? The basic rationalization for the program is the production of scholars who will be able to provide research and advice for the formulation of successful foreign policies. Many of the professors who dreamed up the idea realize that the people they want tend to be free-thinking and independent, perhaps alienated from government and hostile to academic bureaucrats. But to sell the idea to the Reagan Administration, the professors had to give it the power to set agendas, to implicate the defense and intelligence structures, in fact, to "choose" the grantees by the nature of the program, its circumscriptions and obligations, its rewards and objectives.

"There's a paradox," an untenured professor at one of the participating universities told me. "They [the old guard] want new people, so they set up a program to get people, but they won't get the people they want. It's a contradiction between the defense 'liberals' on the academic side and the military 'conservatives' on the government side. The right wing wants to set the agenda and pick sympathetic scholars, but the liberals want a theory that will help them run the world. The two are not compatible."

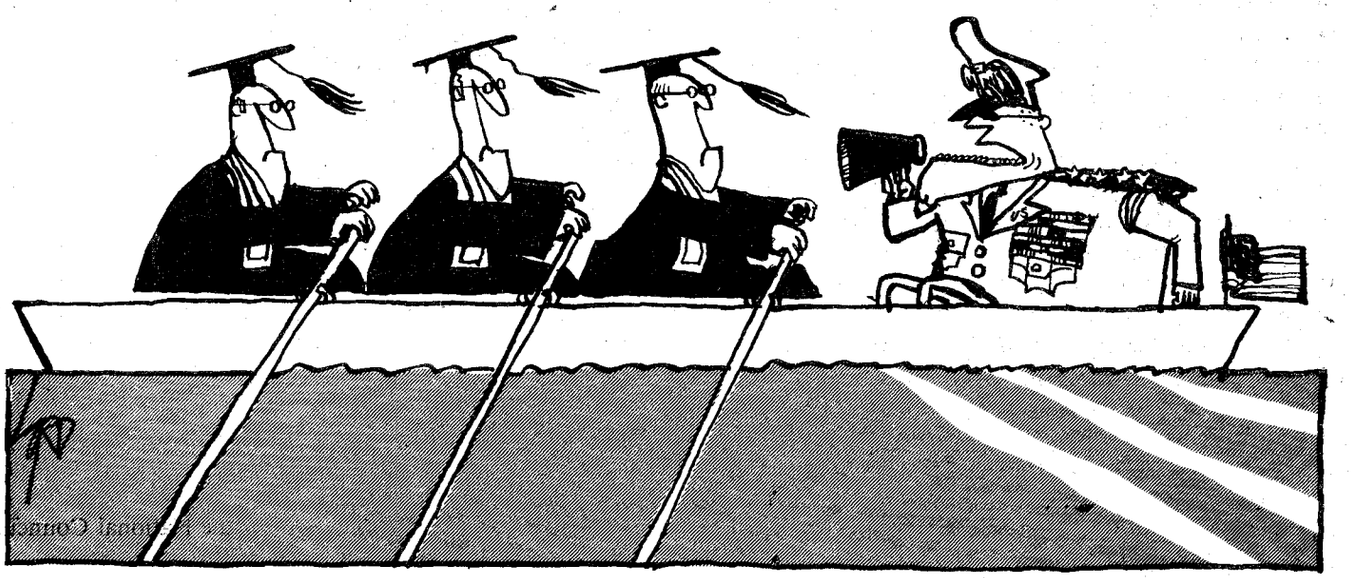
That contradiction is one of several that may provide a means to abort the "process" of putting Ward's program into operation. There is also some resentment on the part of the scores of schools without elite international studies centers; they are worried they will be ignored by the powerful few.

Congress, too, could put up a fight. Ward and Beal have been assiduously avoiding potentially disrespectful Congressional leaders who might try to block the program by rhetoric or resolution. Only the Senate Intelligence Committee, which is controlled by Reagan Republicans, was invited to send representatives to a preliminary meeting to discuss the proposal, in March of last year. Its House counterpart was excluded, along with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which is considered unfriendly to the Administration.

It is also possible that the international studies faculties at the participating universities could revolt against their leading professors who favor the council and seek to withdraw support. Latin American specialists are reported to be particularly worried about the scheme; scholars in that field are among the most left-wing in foreign affairs research; they are acutely sensitive to accusations of involvement with the intelligence services, and they are consumed with the politics and morality of a crisis now current.

Finally, a compromise plan could be put forward to substitute a presumably neutral organization—such as the National Science Foundation, the National Academy of Sciences, the National Endowment for the Humanities or the Smithsonian Institution—for the worrisome N.S.C. as the administrative body for Federal research funds. After all, the argument goes, the Soviet Academy of Sciences and social science institutions in many of America's allies normally serve as pass-through agencies for subsidization of scholarship. So far, however, the "governmental dimension" of the program is not interested in diluting its control. It is demanding the direction afforded by a staff agency of the Administration—the N.S.C.

"There's still time," the same untenured professor said. "But it will take courage to stop this thing, and the academic community hasn't had much experience in showing their courage in the past ten years. That could be the most important effect of this whole business—to test the principles of a whole lot of people who may not even know they have any left." □



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EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 784*)
ings and legislation that have turned philanthropy into a regulated industry. As recently as May 11, I testified before a Congressional subcommittee on the results of a G.A.O. study on foundation performance in complying with public reporting requirements; the House Ways and Means Oversight Subcommittee has scheduled two days of hearings this month on legislative and regulatory issues affecting foundations.

Whether the proceeds of the Buck estate should be confined to Marin County, as the donor specified, or devoted to the charitable purposes in the broader Bay area is a fit subject for deliberation. What I find unsuitable is the authors' serious disregard for accuracy in their coverage of The San Francisco Foundation and private philanthropy.

James A. Joseph, President
Council on Foundations

BRICKLEY AND POWLEDGE REPLY

San Francisco; Brooklyn

A realistic reading of the public record of The San Francisco Foundation's administration of the Buck Trust reveals serious gaps between worthy and impressive objectives and actual performance. Our article in *The Nation* is not the first press account to make the foundation uncomfortable. But the prospect of a major foundation spending millions of tax-privileged dollars on aid to the affluent has disturbed many who see it as something less than a "philanthropic challenge."

We, too, are concerned about damage to the reputation and morale of responsible agencies in Marin County. Rivalry between agencies and disruptions of their regular operations caused by dizzying increases in program budgets are two kinds of damage. Another comes from the monopoly situation that has made a single private charity the most powerful and feared social force in the county. Public exposure of the facts, we trust, will not damage the agencies that are performing in the public interest.

MAWS provides a good example of those problems. Before Buck money came to Marin, the agency drew its strength from two sources: its ability to enlist public opinion on behalf of battered women in order to insure government funding; and the support of the nationwide shelter movement, which is as ideologically strong as it is financially strapped. Big Buck money has exacted a price from MAWS in both categories.

In 1982, The San Francisco Foundation returned to MAWS what had been an unrestricted grant request after adding a $30,000 line item for a men's counseling program, a high priority of the foundation's board. To suggest that MAWS could have eluded the $30,000 hook without jeopardizing relations with the foundation and harming the shelter is disingenuous. Sheer financial pressure was brought to bear on the agency to realign its priorities with no breach of foundation etiquette and no appeal to public opinion.

At issue was not whether counseling wife-beaters under the aegis of a battered-women's shelter is a good idea. That is a very sensitive issue, one that should be treated delicately and cautiously; MAWS, like a few other shelters, already had a low-cost men's counseling program in operation before the foundation decided to "initiate" one. The issue was, and is, the arrogation of agency policy by the foundation that now dwarfs its public funding sources. People—many of them former battered women—who had carried the agency on little more than commitment in the pre-Buck era now saw their experience in the field ignored by a foundation whose staff referred to the beaten as "recidivist."

Such insensitivity may turn MAWS into a tough "model" for the other shelters to follow. In keeping with the guidelines promulgated by the shelter movement, the agency's existing volunteer men's counseling program was a natural adjunct to the shelter, not a showcase for a foundation. MAWS has been a leader in its field, in part because of its ideological integrity. The San Francisco Foundation's lack of finesse in trampling movement sensibilities to beat the drum for battering men has raised suspicions about MAWS in the national shelter movement that are unfair to the agency.

Our article steered clear of the murky area of "motives and intentions" in examining the record of the Buck Trust. We relied on the foundation's annual reports and on documents the recipient agencies filed with state authorities. If the foundation has additional pertinent facts contained in grant proposals, evaluations or other currently private documents, it should make them available for public inspection and independent verification.

We did not write our article for The San Francisco Foundation, but rather for the public, in hopes of sparking a useful debate that the philanthropic community has yet to initiate on its own. In our longer report, from which the *Nation* article was excerpted, we recommended an independent citizens' panel be assembled to monitor what we hope will be a vigorous inspection of the Buck Trust by the California Attorney General's office, which should begin soon.

Both the longer report and the *Nation* article, as well as the press release that accompanied the report, explain that the research was supported by funds from the G.B.S. Foundation, whose director has been active in criticizing the way Buck funds are spent. Neither Gordon Sherman nor his foundation had any control over the content of the report or article; their role was limited to supporting the research and helping to disseminate the results—which might seem a worthy activity of philanthropy, both public and private—regardless of the outcome. (Sherman, in fact, recently told a reporter that while he was generally pleased with the report, he would have written one even more critical of the foundation.)

In regard to James A. Joseph's concerns: As we reported, during thirty years of service The San Francisco Foundation earned a reputation as a decent, respectable grant maker in all five counties of the Bay area, a much more critical milieu than the private club of philanthropists. But that was before it began spending $25 million a year in charity on the 235,000 residents of the nation's sixth wealthiest county. There is concern in the foundation community over the tremendous potential for embarrassment and harm in the foundation's grants in Marin. Criticism from philanthropic executives is mostly kept within the confines of that community, but The San Francisco Foundation has heard the criticism, we have heard it, and Joseph has probably heard it as well.

Our research into the social consequences of the $300 million Buck Trust raises questions that should concern the foundation community precisely because the money is being spent in one small, affluent county by a foundation clearly operated according to the rules of the game.

Evidence of private philanthropy's overall mediocre track record in promoting social and cultural progress is drawn from the "steady stream of articles and popular and scholarly books" to which Joseph refers. Much of that literature is written in the self-congratulatory prose familiar to those who have read a few grant proposals. But some of it is serious analysis that realistically acknowledges the public consequences of private foundation decisions.

"Widespread loss of independence among community organizations" is one such consequence in Marin, despite the foundation's efforts to avoid it. As a matter of financial fact, there is no alternative to Buck money for Marin agencies providing human services. Because the huge mass of money has shaken the comparatively underdeveloped agencies so profoundly, the foundation's grip on their structures and programs is unavoidably heavy-handed.

As to the boom in bureaucracy that the foundation has promoted, the evidence points more strongly to an effort among grant recipients to create big structures to spend big money than to a businesslike efficiency. Bookkeepers and administrators are one thing; an education task force that spends $141,850 to produce a uniform mathematics curriculum for Marin schools is another.

The San Francisco Foundation has a right to fund such projects, just as it has a right to refuse to fund basic services, even "in an era of fiscal austerity." But the public has a right to know about those choices.

Peg Brickley
Fred Powledge

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Ra, Ka, Bah Humbug

GARY GIDDINS

ANCIENT EVENINGS. *By Norman Mailer. Little, Brown. 709 pp. $19.95.*

"Harsh as the sound of a man's snore was the name of Khufu."

At this late date, Norman Mailer's wind-breaking novel is of less interest for its yawning failures than for the apparent firmness with which it squats midway up the best-seller list. True, the prepublication excerpts in *Playboy* and the current full-page ads from Little, Brown underscore the novel's sexual content. True, also, the press has disguised its disdain with garlands. Peter Prescott, the *Newsweek* critic, had to "push" his way through *Ancient Evenings*, "part of the way in four-wheel drive," but nonetheless found the book worthy of "perhaps our awe." (This is similar to what *Newsweek* said about the Hitler diaries—they're important even if they're not important.) *Time* delivered itself of a four-page bacchanal by Paul Gray: a three-page profile and a one-page review, even though he found the honored work to be of "utterly invisible significance."

The New York Times Book Review played a shell-game with Benjamin DeMott's front-page review, which declared—or appeared to declare—the book a masterpiece; you had to turn the page to discover that he really thought it a "disaster," a point which didn't deter the editors from citing the work in the next issue's list of staff favorites. In a weirdly vacillating and discursive essay in *The New York Review of Books*, Harold Bloom conceded that the quality of *Ancient Evenings* "is not durable, and perhaps does not attempt to be." (Right, H.B., Modest Mailer spent ten years cultivating his Ra, Ka and Ba on a lark.) "Mailer," Bloom continued, "is desperately trying to save our souls." Clearly, with his lack of interest in durability, Mailer doesn't care about the souls of future readers, but it hardly matters: we have here "another warning that Mailer is at home on Emerson's stairway of surprise." A song cue if I ever heard one. Duly warned, we are left to wonder how many readers are actually getting through this long and tedious wallow in the feces of ancient Egypt.

There aren't many surprises in *Ancient Evenings*—Mailer's obsessions are familiar, and so are his flashes of virtuosity. Indeed, the biggest surprise is that he would follow a novel as controlled, incisive and readable as *The Executioner's Song* with a performance as sluggish as this. We might forgive the nattering silliness of his ideas if he gave us a good read. But *Ancient Evenings* creaks along, unmindful of the most fundamental niceties of fireside storytelling. It's an epic without epic thrust. That Mailer has a plan is clear, but does he have a plot? Not really. A corpse comes to life, crawls out of his pyramid and runs into another walking corpse, Menenhetet I, who may or may not be his great-grandfather and who relates to him—after warning the younger shade that he's in for a long haul—episodes of his four previous incarnations, as well as the story of Isis and Osiris. It's a saga of paranoia and exploitation, of gods and monsters, of warring and fucking. The concept is brutal and relentless; the execution is damp and limp.

Some time after he completed his Egyptian tetralogy, Thomas Mann explained that it was intended as comedy. There is plenty of evidence to support the contention that *Ancient Evenings* is comedy, too—private jokes which seem to refer to the plodding excess of the book, horrid puns, little comedies of errors. Yet as much as one would like to believe that Mailer has not abandoned his predilection for irony, the quicksand of his prose, the deadly earnestness of his obsessions, choke off all hope. If the novel's bawdiest set piece, an interminably detailed orgy called the Night of the Pig, is at times laughably gross—more De Mille than Griffith—the problem isn't that Mailer can't make his words do his bidding, but that they do it all too well. It is in its ideas and underlying motivations that *Ancient Evenings* blows itself apart.

Mailer may be the only major American novelist writing today who doesn't know anything about sex. He is certain that an erection is involved and that male pride is on the line with every hard-won orgasm; consequently, he regards sex as dangerous—something to be avoided by most people, and taken lightly by none. He compensates for his prudery with gross literalism, but just as the best of his early books, *Advertisements for Myself*, established him as a tourist among the beats, a voyeur among the hip, his constant hyperbolization of sex and his contempt for every expression of sexuality other than those sanctified by marriage and/or procreation tie him to the very Puritans he abhors. Bisexuality is the villain in *The Deer Park*; anal sex is a communion with the devil in *An American Dream*. In *The Prisoner of Sex*, orgasm shared by a man and a woman represents a communion with God. In *Pieces and Pontifications*, he takes his stand against masturbation. His rages against contraception are famous—in order truly to enjoy sex, he has said, a man ought to be able to fantasize, during lovemaking, the death of his partner in childbirth.

For a self-styled existentialist who constantly demands that society take risks ("Do you think I became Overseer of the Lord God Osiris by daring too little?"), Mailer wants it both ways. It may be necessary to stab an occasional waiter or wife (violence is a purgation against cancer, that dread disease of repression), but sexual license weakens the fiber. Mailer sees sex slurping over the ramparts of reason and swamping us all. With *Ancient Evenings*, however, we learn that sex isn't the only bodily function that gives Mailer pause. Mark Twain is supposed to have said that Henry James wrote as if he'd never been to the toilet. No one will ever say that of Norman Mailer.

In *Ancient Evenings*, he has pitched his pyramid in the place of excrement. The stuff constipates the flow of his narrative so consistently that you begin to interpret every reference to a canal as intestinal. "Something came apart then in the long aisles of my pride, and I had a view into the fundament of pain, the view as beautiful as it was narrow." Parody is obviated. Shit is everywhere, sometimes neatly ("three large wet deposits were laid on the stone"), usually not. Anal sex is rampant, chiefly between men, and usually as a means of domination and humiliation. A col-

Gary Giddins is the author of Riding on a Blue Note: Jazz & American Pop *(Oxford University Press).*

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league of mine thinks this is a book for homosexual men. I think it's more likely a book for people, like Mailer, who are disgusted but fascinated by homosexual men.

It's difficult to be sure, though. There is throughout an abiding weakness for regal members—"the stoutest longest friend any man ever carried," "so I continued to kiss and to lick, seeking to give pleasure to Him Whose appetite was best satisfied by the body of a God." Nubians are especially given to backdoor work ("until they are rich enough to afford a wife"), but Menenhetet himself is not above buggering a lion as well. And when he lays hold of the Queen's royal buttocks, he is rewarded by this sermon from the mount:

> "Oh," she said, "you are so wicked, you are in my *sha*. You are on My field, you are on My estate, oh, you swim in My swamp. *Sesh* and *sesh*. Write on Me, inscribe Me, *sesh* and *sesh*, You are My mud and My *maher*, My canal, My ooze, you are a devil of a man, sweet *Kheru*, My swamp, My robber, My enemy, oh, go deep into the rot, stick it deep, touch the dead, oh, *khat*, *khat*, *khat*, put it in My quarry, put it in My tomb, give it to My ancestors, fuck Them all, give it to My ass, My ass."

Molly Bloom she's not.

And what is the meaning of all this shit? Shit is the foundation of life, the glue that holds all life together—shit, ladies and gentlemen, is the better part of ourselves. Shit is that which "we cannot afford to take into ourselves—all that is too rich, too courageous, or too proud for our bearing." Think about that before flushing. Mailer has been thinking about it for a decade. He's come up with a horrific world in which all the forces in the universe are marshaled against the possibilities of a peaceful life; his ancients can't even get a little rest on the toilet.

It hardly needs to be said that there are extraordinarily fine passages in *Ancient Evenings*—vivid descriptions, calamitous battle scenes, engagingly rendered myths. They are far between if not necessarily few, and some of them should make it into the inevitable Norman Mailer reader. That's where they belong. Americans are suckers for extravagant virtuosity, and much too much has been made of Mailer's (and Horowitz's and Orson Welles's and many others'). We should expect great writing from a great writer, and Mailer has, at times, given us that. *Ancient Evenings*, however, belongs not with *Advertisements for Myself*, *Armies of the Night* and *The Executioner's Song* but with *Barbary Shore*, *Of a Fire on the Moon* and *Of Women and Their Elegance*; like them, it manages to be at once preposterous and banal. The final sentences—"We sail across dominions barely seen, washed by the swells of time. We plow through fields of magnetism. Past and future come together on thunderheads and our dead hearts live with lightning in the wounds of the Gods"—have summoned comparisons with Fitzgerald. Me, I hear Arthur C. Clarke. □

MARS AND VENUS

Mars and Venus shine red and green
in the late-night sky,
odd flecks in the spilled milk
of the stars.
The wind strips the trees
from east to west
as we cross the river swiftly,
never sure where the shadows
leave off and the shore begins,
sure of nothing except
the other's presence
and the fish circling below,
the murky clockwork ballet
of their feeding.
If we were here to fish,
things would be simpler.
They would hasten to our lines
on such a night—its air
of cool density after the day's
unfocused heat—
and swallow the bright hooks
and flap up into the breathless
place, this other world,
and we could be certain
of their gratitude
for having helped them
enter eternity so singularly,
in flying arcs.
If, cutting the silk surface
in our light skiff,
we had only the pleasure of
Mars and Venus, ruby and emerald,
to distract us in the white & black
glitter of this continuum
of autumn nights,
then there would be no reason
to distinguish the shadows
from the shore,
no purpose either in steering
to the one shore or the other,
in moving swiftly
or drifting with the current.
There would be only
the wind-stripped trees
and the fabulous sky
and the blackness,
riding the two of us,
you in green, I in red,
to its own destination,
while those fish converge,
waiting, like us, to be caught.

Nicholas Christopher

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Goodbye to Berlin

ELISABETH YOUNG-BRUEHL

EXILED IN PARADISE. *By Anthony Heilbut. Viking. 506 pp. $20.*

Between histories of the omnium-gatherum sort and histories presenting the unfolding of the Universal Something are the many and diverse forms of classifying histories—ones with particular selective principles. Anthony Heilbut's rich and fascinating *Exiled in Paradise* is a multilayered classifying history. Like a deft ophthalmologist, he slips lens after lens into the reader's heavy frames. The goal is a 20/20 look at the large E of his subject: the émigré intellectuals from Germany who settled in America just before and during World War II.

Heilbut classifies his émigrés by their professions, their politics, their responses to exile and assimilation, their successes and failures, their adorations and criticisms of American life, the shapes of their individual biographies. The panorama of émigré experience is extraordinary: sometimes you think you see it clearly, and sometimes you feel dizzy.

The book has a general trajectory that brings the émigrés to America, settles them in relative appreciation of their new home and then presents their disenchantment with it. The best chapters focus on a single figure: Theodor Adorno, Bertolt Brecht, Thomas Mann, Hannah Arendt. The fact for which all biographers are grateful—that individuals live from one year to the next in calendar time—helps Heilbut organize these biographical vignettes so that historical events and personal events are well related. Other chapters are like collections of short film clips made by free association on a theme. One goes from an interesting discussion of émigré photographers to a catalogue of publishing houses and art galleries, to a typology of émigré theatrical ventures; the thematic thread, "entrepreneurs of images," just barely holds the clips together. But even when *Exiled in Paradise* is out of focus or confusing, it is rich in anecdote and insight. You can almost hear the moviemakers, painters, architects, musicians, social and political theorists, novelists and psychoanalysts shouting at one another, laughing, schnausing and kibitzing.

To keep this unruly crowd from riot, Heilbut made his classifying decisions. My disagreements with them began at the beginning and grew right along with my appreciation for his industry and his accomplishments. The first decision was to treat the émigrés as though they were all Berliners. His case for the preeminence of Berlin in the lives and memories of the émigrés is well made, but the emphasis leaves subtle and important distinctions between émigré experiences undeveloped. The émigrés from southern Germany, from East Prussia, from Vienna, from Prague—many of whom, as he mentions, spent five years or more in the polyglot neighborhoods of Paris on the way to America—were formed by quite different cultural and political forces. Heilbut notes in passing, for example, the importance Karl Kraus's *The Last Days of Mankind* had for émigré writers; but he gives no indication of the specifically Viennese qualities of that work or of the impact it had on Berliners accustomed to their own kind of cabaret *Kulturkritik*. Similarly, he notes how *Berlinisch* émigré Hollywood was, but he does not contrast it to the more varied community in New York City, where German and Yiddish commingled, and where so many immigrants of previous generations were already established.

More important are the decisions to omit. Heilbut gives his readers a remarkable survey of esthetic, social and political productions and theories. But there are gaps. He does not deal with theology (it is only mentioned with Paul Tillich's name) or with the philosophical questions that beset émigrés trained by Husserl, Heidegger and Jaspers. The shadow of Hegel falls here and there, but it does not bring with it questions on the philosophy of history, except insofar as these informed the Frankfurt brand of Marxism. It is particularly striking that a book concerned with the collision and merger of cultures—German and American—does not touch on the anthropological theory loosely called "cultural relativism," which was the work of the German émigré Franz Boas and his Columbia University colleagues, many of whom were also émigrés.

Elisabeth Young-Bruehl is the author of Hannah Arendt: For Love of the World *(Yale University Press) and a recently published novel,* Vigil *(L.S.U. Press). She teaches at Wesleyan University.*

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Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable.
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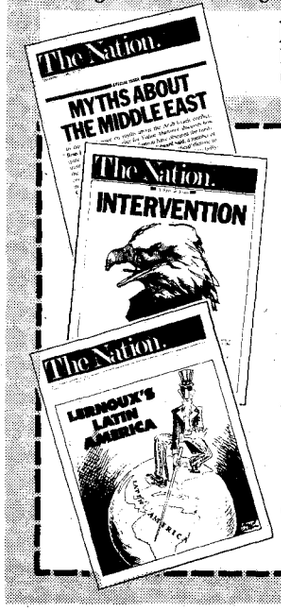

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Exiled in Paradise is strongest as a guide to the relations between the émigrés' theoretical stances and particular postwar American historical issues and events. Why different émigrés reached different judgments about the quality of American life becomes clear as the book unfolds. But the origins of individual theoretical perspectives remain obscure. In particular cases, psychological origins are noted; there are many good observations about the effects of anti-Semitism and bullying on early precocious sensibilities. General cultural factors are noted, too, often brilliantly. But the historical context of Weimar is only sketched: World War I—so crucial in the youths of the émigrés—is not given the weight that Paul Fussell's *The Great War and Modern Memory*, among other books, has taught us to give it; it is overshadowed by the impact of the Russian Revolution on Marxists and non-Marxists. Yet the war gave the émigrés their basic lessons in comparative horrors: the Second World War was the horror of the First writ into absolutely unpredictable terms. And the intellectual climate of Weimar, the *Zeitgeist*, is presented only in its artistic manifestations, not in its philosophical repercussions. *Exiled in Paradise* is without metaphysics or "the end of metaphysics"—and for a book about Germans, that is a weighty lack.

Each topic, issue, theme or artistic genre is examined with the guiding question: What did the émigrés *as émigrés* contribute? But the presentation almost always stays at the survey level. Heilbut often notes, for example, that the Jewish émigrés were in conflict with "American Jewry," but he does not consider the conditions of the earlier emigrations that produced "American Jewry." He does not compare the World War II émigrés in America with their peers in, say, England or, more significantly, Palestine—where émigrés were organized into a Jewish polity. And so he does not convey the historical specificity of refugees from Hitler in America—leaderless, shaken by unprecedented events, without shared beliefs and with only some shared cultural experiences and attitudes.

Even within the émigré group, comparisons do not emerge clearly. Heilbut considers the lives of Jews and non-Jews, but he does not explicitly compare the experiences of the two subgroups. He does not discuss all the ranges of Zionism, imported and domestic, or make distinctions between Orthodox and

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non-Orthodox Jews; only one rabbi—Prinz, a leftist—is considered, and that is as a political figure, not a religious one. The in-group distinctions that Heilbut concentrates on are cultural and political; he does not make religious and social distinctions, though there are unsystematic references to the different class backgrounds of the intellectuals and frequent indications (without elaboration) that not all the German émigrés of the period were intellectuals.

The lack of social analysis is particularly frustrating. Heilbut notes the émigré preoccupation with relations between fathers and sons with psychoanalytic descriptions of these relations. Although Heilbut does discuss émigré women, here again he doesn't go deep enough. Yet that generation of women was the first in German history to focus on career and higher education (German universities had admitted women for the first time just before World War I); it was a generation accustomed to debates about sexual freedom and family mores and one that, in too many unhappy cases, was forced to raise its children without an extended family. It was a generation with a particular type of intellectual female model acquired before emigration—the Jewish salon hostess.

Because of its lack of framework, Heilbut's book will not much advance theoretical consideration of the lives and works of the émigrés. What it will do is provide American readers with a provocative picture of their country's last forty years. The émigrés' analyses of everything from the design of our furniture to the presumptions of our foreign policy have been crucial to our national life and will continue to be so long after the last of these sharp-tongued, shrewd, unsentimental *Kritikers* have laid down their pens and paintbrushes and batons. The horrendous ill fortune of Europe brought America a group of unsurpassed memory-keepers, who told the world what happened to their people, and told Americans what they found best and beneficent in our own traditions. Anthony Heilbut has done well by their memories; and by letting them speak strongly again, he has done well by the generation too young to have been their students. This is a scrapbook of *Kulturkritik* largely from the political left, written with American-German (the legacy of German-American) passion for reform; it is a veritable cornucopia of antidotes to complacency and to neoconservatism. May it be widely and well read. □

Denunciation and Hope

JULIE SCHUMACHER

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF LOVE AND WAR. *By Eduardo Galeano. Translated by Judith Brister. Monthly Review Press. 194 pp. $16. Paper $8.*

As magical realism has rescued Latin American literature from the doldrums, so might we hope for a "magical journalism" to save Latin American political writing from stagnation. The problem isn't one of volume—for better or worse, Latin American journals, memoirs and textbooks are filling up bookstore shelves. But there are only so many times one can be shocked by graphic accounts of torture and disappearances. Given the escalating U.S. involvement in the area, it is important that Latin American journalism match the intensity and appeal of the continent's best fiction.

Born in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1940, Eduardo Galeano is a journalist, historian and political activist. He has proved himself a magical writer in the best sense of the word, showing in *Open Veins of Latin America*, in *Guatemala: Occupied Country* and now in this recently translated work (written in 1978) that the reality of Latin America is more fantastic than the lies we've been told, and that nothing is more horrible or poetic than the truth.

A collection of memoirs, ideas, facts, fictions, hearsay and speeches from more than twenty years of work and travel in South and Central America, *Days and Nights* succeeds not only because of its socio-political authenticity and lyrical style but because of its interweaving of anger and tenderness, elation and sorrow. A feeling of "violent happiness" pervades the book; indeed, the synthesis of opposites is central to Galeano's esthetic. "In an incarcerated society," he writes, "free literature can exist only as denunciation and hope."

Days and Nights is a testimony to the power of fear to silence a population. It is also a testimony to the courage of those who refuse to be silenced. Devoid of plot and chronological progression, the action is presented through fragments, semi-related paragraphs that jump back and forth in time, place, person and mood. Each fragment has a title ("The Universe as Seen Through a Keyhole," "The System," "Dreams," "Introduction to History"), and many are complete in their own right as prose poems or stories.

The book opens with a description of Edda Armas's great-grandfather, a poor, ancient blind man who married a girl of 18 and had the habit of gleefully running away from home. Neither Armas nor her great-grandfather is mentioned again; the following pages include accounts of torture in Buenos Aires, the author's divorce, the fantasies of children. Like so many in Argentina and Uruguay, Galeano's characters *do* disappear. Life in Buenos Aires, where much of the book is set, is fragmented; in this respect, the form and content of Galeano's work are one.

Days and Nights is the notebook of a wandering "people's reporter." Among its characters are Juan Perón, Che Guevara, Fidel Castro, Salvador Allende and Juan Rulfo. In addition, Galeano includes his grandmother, his neighbor's children, disheartened guerrilla fighters, a satanic priest and numerous women with whom he has made love. No one of these is accorded more importance than another. Galeano gives each an urgent vitality, and though we meet them for a moment only, they stick in the mind: the whore who turns tricks with her eyes closed for fear of going blind; Vicente, who, while making a political speech, sees his family in the distance and begins to talk about love and beauty; the old woman who keeps in a bureau, wrapped in lace, the umbilical cords of her ten children.

Fear, and the struggle against it, are the threads that hold the book together. Fear induces one couple to burn every book they own, from Lenin to *Alice in Wonderland*. Fear prevents a man's closest friends from showing up at his funeral. Fear drives a soldier to make love to a corpse, while making love erases fear from another man's mind. The importance of fear is that it is a means of control; when used effectively, it replaces the more expensive machinations of torture, arrest and American military advice. Fear is censorship, and censorship, says Galeano, "truly triumphs when each citizen is transformed into the implacable censor of his own acts and words."

Days and Nights is not without flaws. Galeano tends to overwrite (Che Gue-

Julie Schumacher, a freelance writer and translator, has lived in Latin America.

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vant is billed as "Jesus Christ of the Rio de la Plata"), and to repeat clever phrases. Toward the end of the book, he reflects upon his childhood and indulges in moments of *angst*, which come across as mawkish. Ironically, given Galeano's intimate style, these autobiographical elements are intrusive, and only involve the reader in trying to keep the names of the author's children and numerous lovers straight by leafing madly through the unchronological paragraphs.

"In Defense of the Word," an essay appended to the English translation, is an appropriate conclusion. Here Galeano discusses the function of literature in a largely illiterate society: art is not a luxury, he argues, but an essential form of collective consciousness-raising, a telling of truths forbidden by those who govern. But more than that, literature is a way of instilling hope, of asking the reader to forestall despair, not by ignoring persecution and injustice but by understanding the possibilities of happiness as well as grief. "It is not futile to sing the pain and the beauty of having been born in America," Galeano writes, and indeed, he proves that it is not. □

BITTER CHERRY

The pruner, his saw ready,
Said there was no room
For that weed in the garden,
It should go down and out,
And shook his head, looking sour
When I said I wanted to spare
The wild bitter cherry
Where a bird had dropped a seed
One autumn and planted it
Like a birth-tree in a year
When nothing else was born.

Nothing else could have made
Its way up through
The tangled barricades
Of holly in that cramped corner
Or struggled toward a light
Already taken and held
Against all comers,
But slowly wedging thin branches
Past the *chevaux-de-frise*
And thorny scarps where even
The quick quickset kinglets
And wrens had found slow-going,
At last it straightened
And broadened above the fence,
Above its fruitless cousins
(Grafted for show and tamed
From greenhouse to nursery),
And it bloomed in a glimmering
Of sparse, hard-pitted stars
That ripened and reddened
And darkened a bitter crop,
And the robins and waxwings
Have come this September day
All day in its honor.

David Wagoner

Rebel Grandmothers

PAUL BUHLE

BESSIE. *By Lawrence Bush. Seaview/Putnam. 426 pp. $17.95.*

I'm prejudiced because I know Bessie. Not personally, but as a type. If you live in a city with an aging Jewish population steeped in left traditions, you have probably seen her in action. Now in her 70s or 80s, talking with a Yiddish accent, almost deaf and troubled with various physical ailments, she can still be found on picket lines, in peace demonstrations and at secular Jewish cultural events. She emigrated from Eastern Europe long ago, but vivid memories of fear and privation remain, flavored with a certain nostalgia for a milieu that has vanished completely. She worked in the garment shops, a gutsy, outspoken young woman. She became a radical and stayed a radical despite repression, disillusionment and apathetic (or politically erratic) children and grandchildren. She will carry on to the end.

In the left's literature about heroic militants, avant-garde women and proletarian misery, she is, strangely, hardly to be found. Save for a few brief moments like the Shirtwaist Strike of 1909-10, she has been a face in the immigrant crowd, steady but unglamorous. Not even the American Yiddish novelists had much use for her except as girlfriend and mother. Perhaps the reform socialists began the mocking that has steadily pursued her: when organized blocks of young women in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union challenged the New York leadership in 1911, they were offered suggestions on how they could "get it out of their systems." From then on, her radicalism was made to seem the product of an overaggressive personality. Her image merged into the generic Jewish mother and grandmother, favorite target of wisecracking novelists like Philip Roth. Heart and soul of the left, she has never been taken seriously.

Now elderly and in her last struggles—for dignity in old age, for world peace, against Menachem Begin—she may get her vindication, from the generation of her grandchildren. Meredith Tax's *Rivington Street* has been a literary turning point here. The subject is, after all, a natural. Not only were the rebel girls protofeminists, pioneers of birth control and their own sexual emancipation, they proved that women of moral strength could live their lives unbroken by the male-dominated values that persisted even in their intimate political and personal circles.

Bessie, the remarkable first novel that Lawrence Bush has loosely based on his grandmother's life, successfully places the type in time and space, with little of the sentimentalism one would expect and without the cardboard characterizations into which *Rivington Street* sometimes retreats. Born in Russia, Bessie grows up with a ferocious sense of independence, joins her brothers in anti-czarist conspiracy and flees to America. Settling on New York City's Lower East Side, she becomes a garment worker and escapes the 1911 Triangle Fire only because she had just quit the job. She marries Yasha, a footloose Wobbly, becomes a nurse and, with him, returns to Russia to help the Revolution. There she loses a child and a husband, and her youthful romanticism as well.

That's the first section. The second section is shorter, more condensed, like the middle-years memories of the old. Bessie remains for decades in the Communist Party, supports the unions, suffers when her children shrug off her idealism and when the party swoops and swerves to the changing Soviet line. Bush captures especially bitter moments from the 1950s, when Bessie's daughter and shopkeeper son-in-law flee a changing neighborhood. Bessie unwittingly precipitates a family explosion that must have been heard in a thousand left-wing homes. "I am sick to death of having every step I want to take be measured by you to see if I'm in step with the masses!" her daughter snaps. "When did I ever receive any guidance from you about my future except that I should have the correct polit-

Paul Buhle directs the Oral History of the American Left project at New York University's Tamiment Library.

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ical line about things that I don't even really give a good goddamn about!"

The strength of the novel shows itself as Bessie grows old—in moments of physical humiliation as she struggles to take off a girdle, of emotional humiliation at the fierce disappointments handed out by life. Bessie absorbs the pain, not with false heroism—politics, we are meant to see, *does* become an answer for her unresolved personal problems—but realistically. I can see her in my mind's eye as she speaks to her grandson with the tape recorder:

> You want to see how America works? . . . The man looks at the woman until her eyes fall. The young stare at the old until their eyes fall. The rich look at the poor, same thing. Whoever got to look down or walk so they always got their eyes on the ground, or those that they take drugs so they can always have their eyes closed—these are the ones that they need the revolution most. Everybody know this . . . .
>
> Socialism means you can walk on the street and feel good about what you see in the windows, on the signs, in the other people's faces. And you can look everybody in the eye. □

FILMS.

MARCIA PALLY

Nadine Gordimer: Seven Films.

To most Americans, South Africa is at once exotic and familiar. Like Australia (whose recent burst of films has sent American audiences running to theaters) it's a younger, cruder version of our own country, allowing us endless curiosity while enabling us to feel superior. We're appalled at South Africa's unashamed, self-congratulatory racism, its rituals as elaborate as court etiquette, yet at the same time, we're fascinated by it, both because of our own history (we have, after all, just recently abandoned an unabashedly racist stance ourselves) and because of the inescapable attraction of naked power.

Nadine Gordimer's eight novels and over 200 short stories explore South Africa's variegated social convolutions precisely but with subtlety and warmth. In 1978, she undertook the project of making seven of her stories into short films. She wrote five of the screenplays, selected author and director Barney Simon to script the other two, *City Lovers* and *Good Climate, Friendly Inhabitants*, and was on hand during the shooting. (Currently being shown in New York City at the Carnegie Hall Cinema, the films open soon in Los Angeles and Boston. The distributors are trying to arrange a showing on public television as well.)

Understated, restrained and as deceptively calm as the days Gordimer describes, the films, like the stories on which they are based, are just long

Marcia Pally writes frequently about film and dance.

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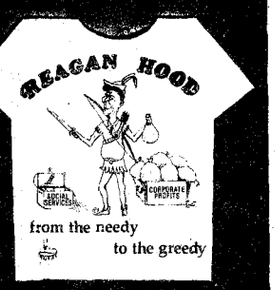

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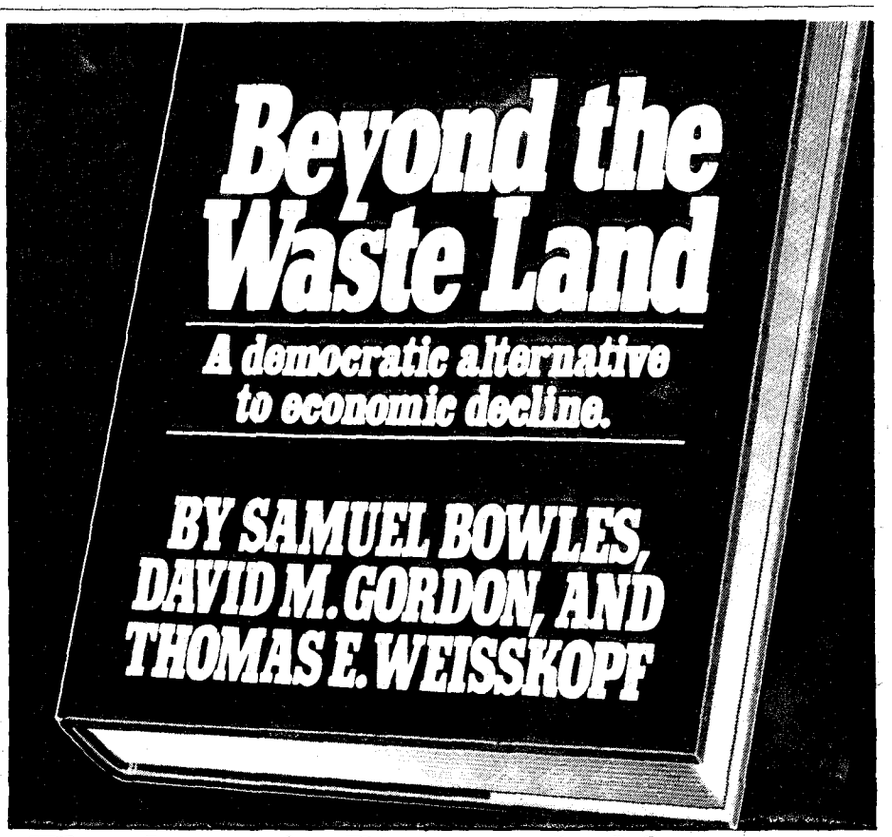
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enough to tell their tales. They give us the exact details—objects, clothing, manners of speech—that reveal what, and all, we need to know. If anything is given short shrift, it's the look and feel of the South African terrain. There are some evocative shots—the dirt roads of Soweto, the slightly better roads in the "colored" section of town, a semiarid plain suddenly interrupted by an irregular, very green gorge and stream. But the camera doesn't stay with the landscape long enough to show how its parts fit together.

Gordimer's focus is squarely on her characters and on their odd and often touching stories. Though the setting of *Oral History* is the predictable conditions of guerrilla warfare, it tells the offbeat story of an aging village chief who, through some misguided search for peace, informs on his own people. *Six Feet of the Country*, the shortest and subtlest of the films, shows how apartheid destroys the understanding and trust between a young, white, affluent husband and wife. She begins to realize that the black workers on her small farm are people like herself, whereas her husband can see them only as a threat or as children whose needs should be judged and decided by reasonable whites. Gradually we are made to see that he has a similar attitude toward his wife—who, unlike the blacks, can afford to rebel.

In her best tales, it's remarkable how far Gordimer carries her plots, how unusual a situation she is able to conjure up in limited time. *Country Lovers* begins with the visit of a grown man, Paulus, to his boyhood farm, and ends fifteen or twenty years earlier. Young Paulus, who has had an affair with a black girl, becomes so afraid that his parents will discover the light-skinned baby in the servants' compound that he poisons him with cyanide.

Even in her more programmatic films, Gordimer adds an unexpected turn or leaves the plot enigmatically unresolved. We expect the young black student in *Praise* to subvert the plans that his liberal white mentors have for him, but we picture the boy returning to the bush to participate in initiation rites, not leaving his privileged position in the white man's world just to roam the streets of Soweto. We can believe that the illegal affair between a German geologist and an Indian girl in *City Lovers* will be discovered, but we are not prepared for the story's dramatic climax. After a humiliating search of the man's apartment by vice squad officers who rummage through laundry and sniff sheets and underwear, a police doctor checks the girl for the presence of semen. The last shot is of her lying on the examining table, naked, her feet in the stirrups, speculum inserted. That's one hell of a way to end a film.

Though Gordimer's endings are strong, she sometimes moves the viewer so quickly to the important action that she fails to set the stage plausibly. In *City Lovers* one's credulity is stretched by the rapidity with which the middle-aged, well-educated geologist falls in love with the nearly illiterate young woman whom he hardly knows. The opening of *Good Climate, Friendly Inhabitants* also taxes one's imagination: a cautious, matronly secretary allows herself to be taken to a bar by a rakish young man she has every reason to distrust.

Once the films are under way, however, narrative momentum quickly takes over. In *City Lovers*, everything leads up to that barbaric search; *Good Climate* reveals the subtle ways in which the color bar harms whites as well as blacks. The lonely widow accepts the overtures of the suspicious-looking white man over the steady care shown her by Jack, the black mechanic at the garage where she clerks. The white, a mercenary from Angola and Rhodesia, moves into her apartment, bullies her, steals from her and makes her fear for her life. She can weather all this, but she can't imagine even lunching with Jack.

Gordimer describes a society in which human relations are embroidered and distorted by the color bar, yet she never merely condemns her country's politics. Her white characters are too intricately drawn, too idiosyncratic, to be merely the bad guys. Instead, Gordimer shows how a racist system informs the lives of everyone living under it. Americans, for whom condemnation of apartheid assuages guilt about race relations in this country, might want more explicit outrage from a white South African. But simple finger-pointing would undermine Gordimer's work: *Chip of Glass Ruby*, the story of an Indian family involved in antiracist organizing, is her least illuminating film, with the flattest dialogue and stiffest characters. In an interview included with these films, Gordimer noted that "for a novelist, it's the human side that matters," and it is precisely because her politics are not heavy-handed that the seven films go as deep as they do. □

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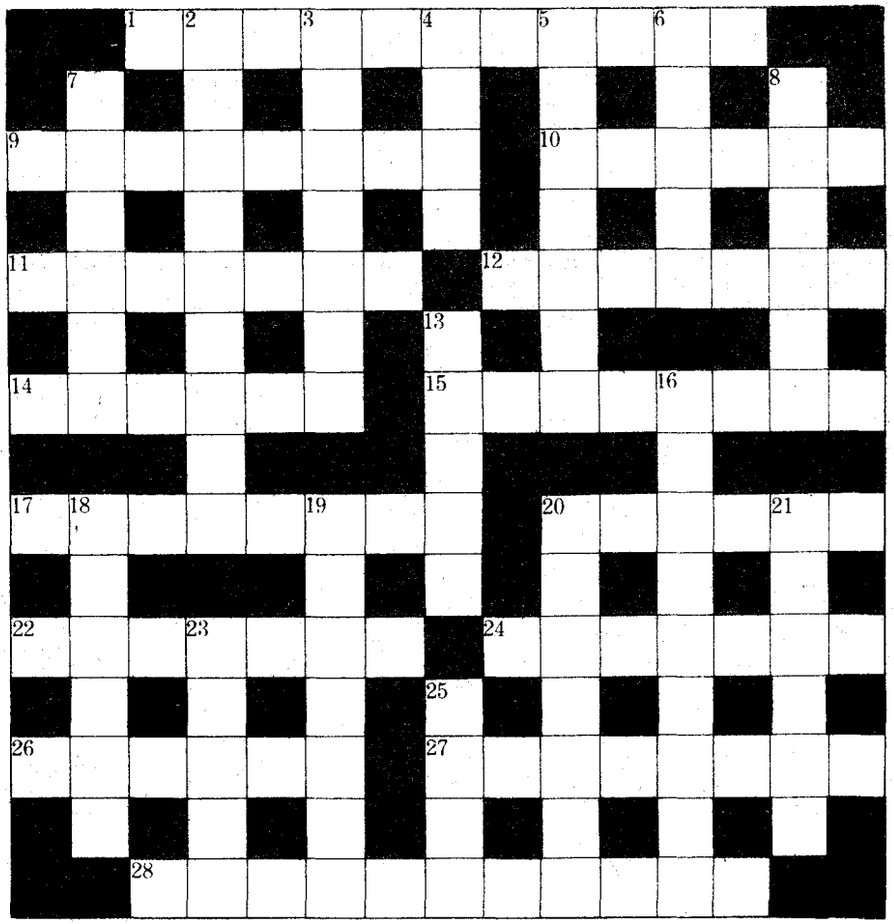

ACROSS

1 Bill might be fired if you have! (5,2,4)
9 When in 19 down, I have something with no legal effect. (8)
10 *Unterseeboot* with German surrender association. (6)
11 A dangerous color seems somehow to be what one does with the pledge, perhaps. (7)
12 Have a gin sling? Make a joyful noise about it, and you might be doing it to check! (7)
14 Part of such snide, coy statements might be dangerously attractive. (6)
15 and 20 down Get elected, perhaps, and display how horses might come in. (3,5,3,4)
17 Immersion without getting one to start might be a wrong designation. (8)
20 See 22
22 and 20 Divided differently, it might answer the question "what is a crestless wave?" but that's O.K.! (3,4,2,4)
24 A couple of points about money cultivate mentally and morally this way. (7)
26 A 6-year-old might be a first with road equipment. (6)
27 Concerning what might finally carry you, prepare to act! (7)
28 If you're one of those who argue, you might want to have it—amen! (3,4,4)

DOWN

2 Won't he not possibly show how revelers go out at times? (2,3,4)
3 Puzzles in games, possibly. (7)
4 How to disclose something about an opera hero? (4)
5 A particular form of B.A. is not a good position of defense, and also obtains a different result. (7)
6 No bird loses its tail and then metamorphoses into another bird. (5)
7 There are two banks in one. (6)
8 When people eat out, they don't necessarily. (6)
13 Pulls up in the grassy surface. (5)
16 Not necessarily cotton fabric on the furniture—the bar, as they say, over a broken chain has the right finish. (4,5)
18 Confine one after another, by the sound of it. (6)
19 It might fit the rim last, when it's cold and dry. (7)
20 See 15 across
21 The French examination seems to be the newest thing. (6)
23 One of its lions might have been called Selassie. (5)
25 Did people like Paul Revere make a call to this? (4)

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